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THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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HOME RULE OR COERCION?

This is the Great Question that Great Britain Has to Solve, Mr. Gladstone Says, in Introducing His Bill for the Self-Government of Ireland.

An Outline of the Provisions of the Measure, Which is to Give Ireland a Provincial Assembly in Exchange for Grattan's Parliament.

The British Premier Says That If England Refuses This Measure of Justice to Ireland the Demand for Absolute Repeal of the Union Will be Renewed.

He Admits That the Bill is Very Susceptible of Copious Amendment.

LONDON, Feb. 14.—Mr. Gladstone made his appearance in the house at 3:30, and every Liberal and Irish Nationalist stood up and greeted him with prolonged and enthusiastic cheers. When Mr. Gladstone arose at forty-three minutes past 3 to introduce the Home Rule bill there was another demonstration so earnest, so enthusiastic and irrepressible that it was several minutes before he could be heard. He spoke as follows in a clear, strong, and resonant voice:

I may without impropriety remind the house that the voices which usually plead the cause of Irish self-government in Irish affairs have within these walls during the last seven years been almost entirely mute. I return therefore to the period of 1886, when a proposition of this kind was submitted on the part of the government of the day, and I beg to remind the house of the position then taken up by all the promoters of the measures. We said that we had arrived at a point in our transactions with Ireland where the two roads parted. "You have," we said, "to choose one or the other." One is the way of Irish autonomy according to the conceptions I have just referred to; the other is the way of coercion. That is our contention.

It will be the recollection of the house how that contention was most stoutly and largely denied. It was said over and over again by many members opposite: "We are not coercionists; we do not adopt that alternative, and neither can we adopt it." [Ministerial cheers.] That assertion of theirs was undoubtedly sustained by the proposals, especially from the dissentient Liberals, of various plans dealing with Irish affairs. Those plans, though they fell entirely short in principle and in scope of Irish self-government, yet were of no trivial or mean importance. They went far beyond what had heretofore been usually proposed in the way of local self-government for Ireland.

AUTONOMY OR COERCION.

Well, what has been the result of the dilemma, as it was then put forward on this side of the house and repelled by the other? Has our contention that the choice lay between autonomy and coercion been justified or not? [Liberal cheers.] What has become of each and all of these important schemes for giving Ireland self-government in provinces and giving her even a central establishment in Dublin with limited powers? All vanished into thin air, but the reality remains. The roads were still there—autonomy or coercion. The choice lay between them, and the choice made was to repel autonomy and embrace coercion. You cannot always follow coercion in an absolutely uniform method.

In 1886 for the first time coercion was imposed on Ireland in the shape of a permanent law added to the statute book. This state of things constituted an offense against the harmony and traditions of self-government. It was a distinct and violent breach of the promise on the faith of which union was obtained. The permanent system of repression inflicted upon the country a state of things which could not continue to exist. It was impossible to bring the inhabitants of the country under coercion into sympathy with the coercion power.

Mr. Gladstone proceeded to dilate at length upon the circumstances under which the act of union was passed, the promise of equality in the laws, and of commercial equality under which union was effected, and continued:

It was then prophesied confidently that Irishmen would take their places in the cabinet of the United Kingdom, but it has been my honored destiny to sit in cabinets with no less than sixty to seventy statesmen, of whom only one, the Duke of Wellington, was an Irishman, while Castlereagh was the only other Irishman who has sat in the cabinet since the union Pitt promised equal laws when the union was formed, but the broken promises made to Ireland, are unhappily written in indelible characters in the history of the country. Coming to 1832, when the resurrection of the people began, and thence down to 1880, Ireland could present only a small minority in favor of restoring to her something in the nature of constitutional rights and practical self-government.

It is to me astonishing that so little weight is attached by many to the fact that before 1886—before 1885, indeed—Irish wishes of self-government were represented only by a small minority. Since 1885, when the wide extension of the franchise was protected by the secret ballot, Ireland's position has been improved in parliament. In 1886 there were eighty-five Nationalists, or more than five-eighths. [Cheers.] They have been reduced from eighty-five to eighty under circumstances which are peculiar. [Hear! Hear!] And I must frankly own to myself among others for reasons totally and absolutely unintelligible. [Loud cheers.]

IRISH REPRESENTATION.

Let us look at the state of the case as it now stands. There are but eighty out of 103—that is to say, the wishes of Ireland for Irish self-government in Irish matters are represented only by four-fifths. [Laughter.] Honorable gentlemen seem to have no respect for such a majority as that. Do they recollect, sir, that never in England has there been such a majority? [Cheers.] No parliament of the last fifty years has come within measurable distance of it. If there be anything in the great principle of self-government which, if it be reality, never can work except through the machinery and by the laws of representation, at any rate, the voice of the Irish people, the persistency of the Irish people in delivering that voice and the peaceful, constitutional circumstances under which it has been delivered [ministerial cheers and opposition laughter] constitute a great fact in history. It is said—and I admit with truth—that Ireland is not a united country. I don't deny that the division which exists is a fact of great moment. In truth, were it united anything that can render Ireland formidable would become much more formaidable. Were Ireland united all opposition would vanish as a shadow. [Hear, hear."]

Ireland is not united in this sense, that in one portion of the country not a mere majority of the higher classes, but a considerable popular feeling is opposed to the present national movement. I will not attempt to measure this numerical strength of the minority. It is said by the party opposite that the minority in the North of Ireland is arrayed in unalterable opposition to Home Rule. Unhappily at the successful instigation of those who plot it was to divide the people of Ireland when they were united at the close of the last century, through the medium mainly of Orange lodges and through religious animosity, there was an alteration of feeling, but the Protestants of Ireland, during the period of the independent Irish parliament, were themselves not only willing but zealous and enthusiastic supporters of Irish nationality.

Genuine national sentiment, in the sense of national unity, had at one time prevailed among the North of Ireland Protestants. We who have seen them alter, not through their own fault, are not ready to be persuaded that they will not alter back again to the sentiments of their ancestors [cheers], and with their own blood and their own people form one in noble, glorious unity.

CONVERSION TO HOME RULE.

Alluding to English feeling towards Irish Home Rule, Mr. Gladstone said he would refrain from urging that England would find herself exhausted and her work made impracticable by resistance to Irish demands. He could well conceive England maintaining, if so minded, resistance to Irish demands, but England's conversion to Home Rule had been rapid. In 1886 England's majority adverse to Home Rule was 211. It had now declined to 71. In the face of such a fact who would guarantee the permanence of the opposition of the remainder? [Cheers.] He could not undertake to supply a mere table of contents. The bill, if he did, would probably bewilder his hearers. He would rather seek to present the salient points, hoping to leave a living impression on the minds and memories of his hearers. He begged them to wait and consult the bill itself, which he hoped would soon be in their hands.

It will be remembered that the bill of 1886 laid down five propositions as cardinal principles, to which I have endeavored closely to adhere. Change there is, but not a trenchant change from the principles of 1886. The object of the bill remains as in 1886—to establish a legislative body in Dublin for the conduct of both legislation and administration in Irish, as distinct from imperial, affairs. [Cheers.] The limiting conditions which were then observed and have since, so far as we were able to do, been sedulously and closely observed, were these:

We were to do nothing inconsistent with imperial unity. Of this I will say, whatever our opponents may say, so far as our convictions and intentions are concerned they would be but feebly stated by being couched in the declaration that we do not mean to impair it. We wish to strengthen it. [Cheers.] We wish to give it greater intensity than it had ever yet possessed. First, then, imperial unity is observed; secondly, the equality of all the kingdoms will be borne in mind; thirdly, there will be equitable repartition of imperial charges; fourthly, any and every practicable provision for the protection of minorities will be included. The plan proposed ought to be such as to present the necessary characteristics of real and continued settlement.

SUPREMACY OF IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

In the first place we have made it a desire to get what we thought was no unreasonable demand for the express mention of the supremacy of the imperial parliament. There were two methods in which that might be done. It might be done by clause; it might be done in the preamble. We have chosen the preamble as worthier and better, for if it were done by clause it would be too much in the character of a mere enactment. It is not necessary to say many words for such a purpose. Our words are:

"WHEREAS, It is expedient without impairing or restricting the supreme authority of parliament," and then the preamble goes on to declare the creation of the Irish legislature.

With reference to the charge frequently made against us that we are destroying the act of union I wish to challenge inquiry upon this fundamental point. What is the essence of the Act of Union? ["Hear, hear."] That essence is to be appreciated by comparing the constitution of things found in the country before 1800 with the constitution of things now subsisting in England. Before 1800 we had two sovereignties in the country. One of those was collectively lodged in the king, the house of lords and commons in Ireland. There was no more right in a true historical and legal sense in the sovereignty residing in Great Britain to interfere with the sovereignty of England. This bill respects and maintains these rights of sovereignty equally throughout the entire range of the three kingdoms.

Then the bill consists the Irish legislature, which constitutes, first of all, of a legislative council; secondly, of a legislative assembly empowered to make laws for the peace, order, and good government of Ireland, and in respect to matters exclusively relating to Ireland or to a part thereof. That power is subject to a double limitation.

First of all it is subject to necessary and obvious limitations, imposing certain incapacities on the Irish parliament, including all that relates to the crown, a regency, or the vice-royalty. The subject of peace and war, public defense, treaties, and foreign relations, dignities, titles, law, and treason do not belong to the Irish legislature. The law of alienage and other subsidiary subjects. Other incapacities are imposed similar to those contained in the bill of 1886.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM AND EDUCATION.

These provide for the security of religious freedom, the safeguard of education, and for the security of personal freedom. Then, coming to exclusive powers, we retain the vice-royalty of Ireland, but we divest it of the party character heretofore borne by making the appointment run six years, subject to the revoking power of the crown. Then also the post is freed from all religious disability. [Cheers.]

Then comes a clause which may be considered formal, although it is of great importance, providing for the full devolution of executive power from the sovereign upon the viceroy. Then comes an important provision for the appointment of an executive committee of the privy council of Ireland. We propose to make this an executive council for the ordinary affairs of the cabinet of the viceroy. The question arises, Shall there be any legislative council? All decided that there ought to be such a council. It has appeared to us to be highly inconvenient to alter the numbers of the legislative assembly. If we are to increase the numbers we do not know what the increase ought to be. If we were to reduce it we run serious risks of losing practical conveniences in Dublin, especially at the time when the functions of the internal government come to be newly exercised and when probably there will be a great deal to do. We therefore leave the number at 103 and we fix the term at five years. We leave the constituency as it is now.

Next, as to the legislative council, we did not think we would have been warranted without some strong necessity in establishing the system of a single chamber, but in Ireland, far from finding any such necessity, we look to the legislative council as enabling us to meet the expectation that we shall give to the minority some means of freer and fuller consideration of its views. The next thing is, shall the legislative council be nominated or elected? We came to the conclusion that a nominated council would be a weak council. [Ministerial cheers.] If it should be made weak the council would probably enjoy a very short term of existence. We therefore propose an elective council, believing it to be the only form wherein we can give any great force to the vitality of the institution.

Well, then, how do we differentiate this council from that popular assembly? We propose to fix the number at forty-eight, with an eight years' term of office, the term of the popular assembly being lesser. We then constitute a new constituency. The council constituency must in the first place be associated with a ratable value of £20 whereby to secure an aggregate constituency approaching 170,000 persons, including owners as well as occupiers, but subject to a provision that no owner or occupier has a vote in more than one constituency. Then there is no provision in the bill making the legislative council alterable by Irish acts.

MUST BE ELECTED IN IRELAND.

Regarding the legislative assembly, the 103 members must be elected for Irish legislative business by constituencies in Ireland. We make these provisions in regard to the assembly alterable in respect to electors and constituencies after six years, but in altering constituencies the power of the assembly will be limited by the declaratory act to the effect that due regard must be had to the distribution of population. The bill must include a provision for meeting what is called a deadlock. In a case where a bill has been adopted by the assembly more than once, and where there is an interval of two years between the two adoptions, or a dissolution of parliament, then upon its second adoption the two assemblies may be required to meet and the fate of the bill is to be decided in joint assembly. [Cheers.]

Next, all appeals shall lie to the privy council alone, not to the council and lords. The privy council may try the question of the invalidity of any Irish act—that is, try it judicially and without unreasonable judgment under the initiative of the viceroy or secretary of state. This judicial committee is now recognized by us as the only approach we can make to the Supreme Court of the United States. In composing this judicial committee due regard must be had to the different elements of nationality. [Cheers.] We have not apprehended any difficulty there.

Other clauses provide for the security of the emoluments of existing judges and of officers generally. Then there is a clause intended to correspond with the colonial validity law, the effect of which is if the Irish legislature should pass any act in any way contrary to acts of the imperial parliament such law shall be good except in so far as it is contrary to the imperial enactment. Two exchequer judges shall be appointed under the authority of the crown, mainly for financial business. Besides the exchequer judges it is provided that for six years all judges shall be appointed as now. We do not reserve for the imperial parliament the power to fix emoluments. These will be fixed in Ireland, and the effect will be to establish a joint control of these appointments. The month of September is probably the most convenient month for the assembly to meet. Therefore, we have a clause providing that it shall meet the first Tuesday in September. [Prolonged Irish cheers.] Certain clauses secure the iniative in regard to money bills to the assembly.

REDUCTION OF CONSTABULARY.

We are now coming to the important question of the constabulary. We propose a gradual reduction and the ultimate dissolution or disappearance of that force, with the discharge of every obligation towards them in such a way as will not adversely affect the interests of that honorable force. During the period of transition they are to be under the control of the viceroy. It is contemplated that they will be replaced by a force owing existence to the Irish authorities in local areas.

On the important subject of the retention of Irish votes in the imperial parliament, I do not regard and never have regarded it as touching what are sometimes called the fine principles of the bill. It is not included in any one of them; but, whether it be a principle or whether it is not, there is no question that it is a very organic detail which cuts rather deep in some respects into the composition of the bill. There are strong arguments which may be alleged in defense of the retention of Irish members in parliament, but there is one argument I must put aside as a most dangerous argumeut, and in itself quite untenable—the argument of those who say unless you retain the Irish members there is no parliamentary supremacy over Ireland. I entirely decline to admit that argument. I say that if you do admit that it, at a stroke you shatter parliamentary supremacy in this country. Although I do not at all admit that parliamentary supremacy depends upon the retention of Irish members I yet quite admit that the retention of members has great practical importance because it exhibits the supremacy in a manner intelligible to the people. Besides it gives Ireland a full voice in all parliamentary matters. ["Hear, hear."]

We cannot in our financial arrangements get rid of all financial connection between the two countries unless you are prepared to face a very inexpedient and inconsistent system of different sets of treaties and trade laws. That being so, it must be that British budgets will more or less influence Irish pecuniary balances. It is therefore desirable, for the purpose of mitigating any inconvenience which may arise, that Ireland should have something to say about these British budgets. I know no argument of an abstract, theoretical or constitutional character against the retention of Irish members at Westminster, but to revert to an old expression which has become rather familiar, I do not think it is in the wit of man to devise a plan for their retention which would not be open to some serious practical difficulties. [Cheers.] Retention involves two points—first, as to numbers and secondly as to voting power. Now as to the first question—that of numbers—is Ireland to be fully represented in the house? ["Hear, hear."] Well, probably the feeling will be in favor of the affirmative. Then arises another difficulty. What is full representation for Ireland? In 1884 the house treated Ireland in a wise and liberal spirit by assigning 103 members to that country. That number was then beyond what, according to the calculation of population in this country, Ireland was entitled to, and it is claimed that unhappily the disparity has since been aggravated by a double process. The population of Great Britain has increased while that of Ireland has diminished, and has now reached a point that, whereas formerly entitled to 103 members, it would, according to the same ratio now have eighty.

AS TO IRISH REPRESENTATION.

There ought to be a general determination to interpret full representation as meaning representation according to existing population. Speaking of full representation then, I imply that the representation in the house from Ireland would be composed of eighty Irish gentlemen. Of course it follows that there would have to be an election. These eight members from Ireland in the house would probably be indisposed to recognize a commission given to 103 members, so when it had been determined that eighty was the proper number we endeavored to arrange the schedule of the bill in such a manner that this imperial representation would practically not clash with representation in the legislature at Dublin.

Now comes the great difficulty—what voting power are these eighty members to have? Ireland is to be represented here fully; that is my first postulate. My second postulate is that Ireland is to be invested with separate powers, subject, no doubt, to imperial authority, yet still, as we must from experience practically separate a certain independent power, as has been done in other legislatures of the empire. Ireland is to be endowed with separate powers over Irish affairs. Then the question before us is: Is she or is she not to vote so strongly upon matters purely British? I propose this question in the true parliamentary form—aye or no. There are reasons both ways. We cannot cut them off in a manner perfectly clean and clear from these questions. We cannot find an absolutely accurate line of cleavage between questions that are imperial questions and those that are Irish questions. [Cheers.] Unless the Irish members are allowed to vote on all British questions, they must have too little or too much, because they are questions which defy our efforts to arrange them with accuracy and decision on the proper side of the line as either English or Irish. We do not see the possibility of excluding them from one of the highest and most important functions of the house—namely: that of determining the composition of the executive power. A vote of confidence is a simple declaration, but may be otherwise. I do not see it is possible to exclude Irish members from voting on that great subject. Next, unless Irish members vote on all questions you break the parliamentary tradition. The presence of eighty members with only limited power of voting is a serious breach of that tradition, which, whether you choose to face it, ought to be made subject of most careful consideration.

IMPERIAL CONCERNS AND FINANCE.

In defining the difference between Irish and imperial concerns, Mr. Gladstone said: "The whole subject is full of thorns and brambles, but our object is the autonomy and self-government of Ireland in all matters properly Irish. The Irish people certainly did not raise the difficulty to which I have just alluded—the retention of Irish members in the house. This is a secondary matter in their eyes and ought not to interfere with the principal aim. In face of the feeling that a shade of uncertainty still hangs over the question of retention of the Irish members we have affixed to the paragraph concerning this question the words: 'Excepting and until parliament shall determine the coming financial legislation.'"

He indicated the financial policy to be formed as follows: "I wish to supply the keynote to the financial part of the legislation. That keynote is to be found in the provision included in our plans from the first, and wisely and generously acceded by Ireland through her representatives, that there is to be but one system of legislation as far as external things are concerned that will be found to entail very important consequences. It has guided us to the conclusion, at which we arrive, of unity of commercial legislation for the three kingdoms. This includes customs and excise duties, postoffices and telegraphs. By adopting this keynote we can attain to the most valuable results and will be likely to avoid the clashing of agents of the imperial and the Irish government. We can make, under cover of this proposal, a larger and more liberal transfer to Ireland in the management of her own affairs than we could make if we proceeded on any other principles. We hope to escape in this way all collection in the interior of Ireland of any revenue whatever by imperial authority."

Then he proceeded to give his views of how the thing is to be done in what he considers the least conflicting way. He paid a tribute to the generosity of the Irish people in financial matters, which displeased the Tories, who cried out, "O! O!" in their usual manner. As John Mitchel would say, "they felt scandalized that Ireland should have anything to be generous with. Following are some of the financial propositions:

"The customs funds would be very nearly the right amount. I do not know what the house might consider the right amount. Judgments might fluctuate. Some might say 4 per cent, some 5 per cent, some a little more than 5 per cent. But the amount is £2,430,000 yearly. Sixty thousand pounds allowed for collections leaves £2,370,000 net. With the imperial expenditure at £59,000,000, £2,370,000 is a sum that drops between a charge of 4 per cent and a charge of 5 per cent. Thus Irish members will observe that by that means everything of a practical nature we will hand over to them. Though the rate of excise and the post and telegraph rates will be a fixed amount, the authority and the whole control over them will be absolutely in the hands of Irish officers."

BRITAIN WILL CONTROL EXCISE.

With regard to excise we have in view a proposition to retain considerable control in our hands, which considerable power will enable Great Britain to make sure of having aid from Ireland if she thinks such provision necessary. The Irish balance sheet stands thus on the credit side would appear excise £3,220,000, while taxation which goes over stamps, income tax, excise licenses, which are £1,495,000; postal revenue, £740,000; crown lands, £50,000; miscellaneous, £140,000, makes a total of £5,650,000. On the other side, Ireland takes over the whole of the civil charges, with the exception of the constabulary charges of £1,170,000; Ireland pensions, £160,000; and postal charges, £70,000. We propose that Ireland shall make part of the constabulary charges amounting to £1,000,000. This would bring the Irish charges to £2,000,000. We propose that she shall receive against that the items I have given of credit, amounting to £5,650,000. Thus she will have a clear surplus of £3,650,000 with which to start on per annum.

Mr. Gladstone admitted, practically, the incomplete nature of the bill, when he said that the plan he put forward might be amended in many respects, that nothing in the bill was considered sacrosanct. Speaking, income tax, customs, general principles of the bill he said:

"I intend to run no risk. That is if the control is to endure and is to be materially prolonged the law for self-government in Irish affairs may become a demand for the repeal of the Union and the re-establishment of dual supremacy in these islands. I hope that the ship of state will be steered from that rock. I would ask you to contrast the present condition of the Irish people with what it was at the time of Swift, when the Irish ascendancy parliament begged to be admitted to the British parliament and was refused; or with what it was in the beginning of the century immediately after the Union, when Irish voters were trooped to the polls for the simple purpose of recording their votes in order to return landlords to parliament.

We have concluded that we have before us now a different state of things. Ireland has on her side the memory of vast victories earned by the sweat of labor, but really earned and recorded on her behalf. Ireland has mighty sympathies. She requires this larger and stronger island. She has obtained the suffrage of Scotland and the suffrage of Wales, and in the shortespace of seven years she has changed a majority of many more than 200 against her in England to one-third that number. * * *

FRANCHISE AND PROTECTION.

She was stinted in franchise and means of representation. Now she possesses a most extended franchise with most perfect protection. Her remaining objects she has not yet attained to, but she looks forward to the attainment of them with more means in her hands. One other source of strength she has—the moderation of her demands. ["Hear, hear."] She has ever since 1886, if not before, but unequivocally and nationally since, abandoned the whole argument that perhaps she was entitled to make on the subject of the Act of Union. She has asked you to save for yourselves every imperial power. She has consented to accept the house of commons and the universal supremacy of the empire. In return she has asked you only that she have the management of her own affairs, which reason and justice, combined with the voice of her people, I hope, will soon move this nation to say soon shall be awarded her. If this is to be the end of the matter I think dispassionate men would say the sooner ended the better; the sooner we stamp the seal which will efface all former animosities and open the era of peace and good will—the sooner done the better.

But these are matters which human vision is hardly equal to penetrate. I must say, however, for my own part that I never will and never can be a party to bequeathing to my country the continuance of this heritage of discord which has been handed down from generation to generation, with hardly momentary interruption, through seven centuries—this heritage of discord, with all the evils that follow in its train. I wish no part in that process. It would be misery for me if I had forgone or omitted in these closing years of my life any measure it was possible for me to take toward upholding and promoting the cause which I believe to be the cause—not of one party or of one nation—but of all parties and all nations. To these nations, viewing them as I do, with their vast opportunities, under a living union for power and happiness, to these nations I say: Let me entreat you—if it were my latest breath I would so entreat you—let the dead bury their dead, and cast behind you former recollections of begone evils; cherish, love and sustain one another through all the vicissitudes of human affairs in times that are to come. [Prolonged Liberal cheers.]

Several members, on both tides, spoke in criticism of the bill, but nothing of importance came of it, except that Mr. Gladstone, in reply to Sir Edward Clarke, said that England would retain control of the land question for three years. Mr. Sexton complimented Gladstone, but did dot commit himself to a radical indorsement of the bill. He did not object to the upper chamber as a safeguard to the minority. The financial proposals were less just to Ireland than those of the bill of 1886. His party was not disposed to make any trouble concerning the retention of Irish members at Westminster, but it was probable that when Home Rule had been established their voices would be silent in the house unless the other members troubled them. If the imperial parliament should display any tendency to capricious and vexatious use of the veto, or to interfere in the sphere defined by itself for the Irish parliament, he thought it would be found that Ireland's unique position would stand the Irish members in good stead. [Conservative cheers.]

Colonel Saunderson, the Ulster Tory end-man of the house of commons then made his usual speech, mouthing of war against an Irish parliament, and moved to adjourn the debate, which was carried.

Can You Eat

Heartily, with relish, and without distress afterwards? If not, we recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla, which creates a good appetite and so tones the stomach and bowels that the food is properly digested and assimilated.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Washington's birthday will be appropriately celebrated under the auspices of the Elliott Literary Circle at Arcade hall, State street and Westworth avenue, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 21, beginning at 7:45 o'clock. The programme is very extensive and [illegible] opening remarks by [illegible] address of welcome by Rev. P. M. Flanningan, of St. James parish; another address by [illegible], and a fine array of instrumental music, recitations, etc. Messrs. F. W. Fowler, T. F. N[illegible], W. J. O'Connell, W. Mendel, [illegible] A. Ryan, E. J. Quinlan, [illegible] Misses Jennie James McHale, M[illegible] Rose Mc[illegible] and Misses [illegible] Mary Mc[illegible] Kate and N[illegible] Nellie Cahill, Maggie L. D[illegible] A. Power, Lizzie Upton, Millie M[illegible] will be teachers.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER X.

"Now, now we'll teach the shameless Scot to
purge his thievish may.
Now, now the court may fall to pray, for justice
is the Law.
Now shall the Undertaker square, for once, his
loose accounts—
Will strike, brave boys, a fair result, from all
his false amounts."

THE WAR-CLOUD OVER BREFFNY.

On a gentle eminence in the Breffnian valley watered by the fresh and foaming mountain streamlet, the Owenmore, an affluent of the Bonet—stood the castle of Manor-Hamilton; and this castle was one of the strongest—probably *the* strongest—of the fortified buildings of Connacht. A large stone edifice, 105 feet in length, 93 in breadth, and about 40 in height, surrounded by a strong wall with bastions at its four corners, it had been built at immense cost by its lord, Sir Frederick Hamilton, the Scotch Undertaker who had got possession of the surrounding tract of country. In the neighborhood of the castle stood, on the banks of the Owenmore, the town of Scotch or Albanach settlers, which had sprung up at the time of the "Plantation," a snug collection of Undertakers' dwellings, with their appurtenant mills and farmyards and haggards. Also in the vicinity of the castle lay a vast deer park, enclosed by a high wall—in which park a portion of the Irish army under Sarsfield lay encamped at one period during the Williamite wars. The wide, irregular valley in which the settlement lay was inclosed by a girdle of mountains of bold and picturesque outline, chief among which was Benbo, rearing its rocky crest the northwest, over Lurganboy.

The settlers of Manor-Hamilton, shrewd, close-fisted Scotch Presbyterians of the lower order, imbued with all the narrow prejudice and religious intolerance of their class, looked upon the surrounding race of "Irish papists" with hatred, equalled only by the contempt of [illegible] for the "bodagh [illegible] love, indeed, was wasted between the two races.

A bitter enemy of the natives was the lord [illegible] who outstripped [illegible] of the state" in Ulster or Connaught in the extent of his tyranny and persecution. A combination of mosstrooper and fanatic, his was a nature formed in a school of blood and iron. The younger son of Cland Lord Hamilton of Paisley, he wielded the sword of a soldier of fortune in the Swedish wars under Gustavus Adolphus. Becoming afterwards a parasite of the Scotophilian King Jamie, he came to Ireland, obtained a grant of land in Leitrim, married Sidney, daughter of Sir John Vaughan, governor of Londonderry, and had his vast acquirements in land, amounting to about 5,000 acres of arable and pasture and 10,000 of wood and bog, formed into a "manor" to which he gave his name.

Sir Frederick Hamilton was absent in Londonderry at the outbreak of the insurrection, but shortly after the "23d," had managed to throw himself into his stronghold, since when, as often as opportunity offered, he plundered and bnrued the surrounding country at the head of a strong force of the armed Undertakers of the settlement.

Galled by these repeated acts of hostility and the merciless and vindictive spirit in which they were carried out, the Irish leaders determined, if possible, to put a stop to them.

On the morning after our hero's strange adventure on on the shores of Lough Gill, the Irish forces at Leitrim, both horse and foot, about a thousand strong, marched towards Manor-Hamilton. The little army was a badly armed one at best. Some of the cavalry carried matchlocks and wore bandolier belts—arms acquired in the capture of Sligo—but many had only swords or pikes, and very few helmets and corselets were visible.

The footmen were armed with the long pike—"the queen of all weapons"—and long the special favorite of the Irish insurgent. No other weapons had they save their skians, and save also the large round stones ready to their hands; for they could handle those missiles with the skill and precision with which the ancient Irish warrior discharged his brain-ball and his "liagh-lamha-laich," or champion's hand-stone, and could test the strength of a trooper's helmet at many yard's distance. Drill and discipline had as yet done little for those hasty levies, but they marched onwards gaily, though determinedly, in a rude kind of order.

Arrived nearly within musket-shot of Hamilton's castle, they halted at a command from Col McDonough, who held the chief command. The undertakers' town seemed to be totally deserted, but there was a dark group visible on the castle battlements. The Irish sent up a hearty cheer, but it remained unanswered save by its own echo.

"Ho, men," said Col. MacDonogh, after he and the other Irish leaders had consulted for a short time, "which of you will volunteer to bear a flag of truce to yonder castle?"

Instantly Edmund O'Tracy, actuated by an impulse he could not account for, spurred forward from amid the cavalry and saluted with his sword.

"Well done, young man," said the Colonel; "you're just the right person for our purpose."

"Scarcely, Colonel," remarked Owen O'Rourke; "remember, the boy's bitterest enemy is within yonder walls."

"It matters not," said our hero; "he is scarce villain enough to fire on a flag of truce."

But Owen shook his head ominously.

"Prisoners to the front," said the Colonel, aloud, adding, 'Now, Sir Robert, if you please, here's your messenger."

The latter words were addressed to a grave and anxious-looking man in puritanical garb, the foremost of a group of prisoners who had been brought from Dromahaire for the purpose of exchange. These were a party of Undertakers and their families, about twenty in all, who had been conducted from the castle of Belleek on the Moy, in Mayo, along the coast in Sligo, to be transferred thence in safety to the nearest English garrison. But on their arriving at Sligo it was determined that the proper course would be to exchangd them for the Irish prisoners in the hands of Hamilton, who had begun to hang his unfortunate captives.

Sir Robert Hannah, the most important of the party—he whom MacDonough addressed—was a Scotch baronet who held the titles and offices of Esquire of the Body to Charles I, and clerk of the Nichells in the Exchequer. He was accompanied by his two daughters, one of whom afterwards became Lady Mountrath by her marriage with the younger Sir Charles Coote.

The baronet handed a note to O'Tracy. It was an epistle to Hamilton, requesting him to consent to an exchange, and winding up with the following sentence:

"Sir, you are nobly disposed, so that in honor we hope the means of relief; being now in yourself, you will not suffer us to perish, who will ever remain, sir, yours, truly obliged to you."

With this quaintly couched epistle in one hand and a white kerchief on a sword in the other, Edmund rode boldly forward in the road leading to the castle entrance. On arriving at the very gate, he looked up at the battlements, and saw a row of hard faces frowning down on him with rather dangerous looks, while the barrels of several matchlocks were gleaming over the parapet. And he saw, not without a start, though he had expected it, the vindictive face of Harrison among the rest. It was not a very reassuring prospect, truly; for he saw the black muzzles of many of the firearms bearing full upon him. There was, however, a grim silence maintained, until a harsh, deep-throated voice inquired:

"What seek you, fellow?"

"I am the bearer of a letter from Sir Robert Hannah to Sir Frederick Hamilton. Here it is"—and Edmund held aloft the missive.

"Let me have it, sirrah, though I think I know its import already?"

The speaker was Hamilton himself. A cord being lowered from the battlements, Edmund attached the letter to it and it was drawn up. The stern Puritan tore open the note and read it.

"Ha! I guessed so much," he said, tartly. "Wait, rebel, and you shall have an answer to the point."

Hamilton disappeared, and our hero's arch-enemy took occasion to heap taunts and curses innumerable and exasperating on him as he waited below.

"Ho, ho, my friend, so you are back again with your fiend's luck. You thought, perhaps, you left me stark and dead when I met you last, but, curse you, Gilbert Harrison is here to take a bloody vengeance on you, you Irish hound! And you have felt my vengeance already. Where is your pretty lady-bird of Lough Gill? Saw you her dainty nest since your return, eh?"

Though boiling with emotion, Edmund only replied to Harrison's taunts with a glance of contempt. Hamilton again appeared.

"There, Irish rogue," he said, throwing down a letter "bear back that answer to Sir Robert. I trust he shall find it to the purpose."

"And that to your fellow-rebels yonder," cried Harrison.

A flash and report, and the long cavalier feather fluttered from the messenger's hat to the ground.

"What think ye of that for an aim?" shouted Harrison, with a hoarse laugh. "Would to heaven that my hand had been as steady when I saw your accursed face in Dublin!"

Edmund rode towards the Irish force, and handed the answering note to the old baronet. The latter tore it open with nervous fingers, and on perusing it uttered an exclamation of despair. Hamilton's answer was a direct refusal of an exchange. The disloyal falsehood of the Irish traitors throughout the kingdom—so ran the reply—had made him vow and swear never to give nor take quarter with them; and he besought Hannah and his companions to continue constant until it should please God to give them deliverance either by life or death. "In the meantime," he concluded, "I am persuaded that they will use you with no worse measure than their prisoners, who were apprehended by me in the action of rebellion, were used." This was a cruel stroke of sarcasm, for Hamilton's usual course was to hang his prisoners with short shrift.

"Be it so," said Colonel MacDonough; "—and now to action. As our friend yonder vouchsafes us such a very cold reception we must e'en kindle a fire to warm ourselves. We can do no less than pay him back the debt we owe him in his own coin. Ho, there, let a corps of your pikemen advance and fire those goodly buildings yonder as a beginning."

Glad of the opportunity to thwart their merciless enemy, a party of the Irish foot rushed forward into the deserted town and commenced the work of destruction. A brisk musketry fire was opened on them immediately from the castle walls, but the distance rendered the shots ineffectual, and, after a short time, the party returned laden with spoil to their companions. Very soon from each house arose a dark wreath of smoke, which grew momentarily darker and denser, filling the air overhead. The smell of burning timber floated on the air, and soon appeared lurid tongues of fire greedily licking the wood-work of the doomed habitations. Fire gleamed brighly through doors and windows, the thatched or shingled roofs of houses and the beams and rafters of lofty mills fell with a succession of loud crashes, and high columns of fire leaped up, dancing and flaring, in their places. The entire Undertakers' town became a fiery mass of flame, from which black volumes of smoke rolled up to the sky, and from which came the noise of the roaring fire and the crackling of burning wood; with which sounds were mingled weirdly the exulting cheer of the gazing Irish. The fire-fiend triumphed and rejoiced in his glowing abode. The blazing town looked like a miniature hell, and the river Boned, gliding past so cooly and serenely, like the stream mocking the thirst of the tortured Dives.

"An interesting spectacle, surely," remarked MacDonough cooly; "I wonder how does Sir Frederick like it. Perhaps he will let us have a *petite guerre* while our blood is warm, if only on the head of it."

"See, see!" said Owen O'Rourke, pointing to the castle, "as I live, my brother Con! What can this mean, I wonder?"

"And there is Connor Mac Loughlin, too," cried another of the party.

All eyes were turned to the summit of Hamilton' stronghold, where a sudden movement was visible among the garrison. Mounted on a platform, full in view of the Irish, were the forms of Hamilton's two principal captives. They were stripped of their hats and coats, and had their hands bound behind their backs. As the insurgents continued to gaze, they saw two beams, with ropes attached, thrust out from the castle wall, and then each and all knew the tragedy which the truculent Puritan had in contemplation, and cries of horror, mingled with deep vows of vengeance, rang loud on the wintry air.

Edmund's heart grew sick and chill as he perceived the awful situation of his almost life-long friend and companion. The thought of the love message sent by the fair-haired maiden of Cloughoughter to Con O'Rourke, of the gold cross with its blue ribbon—which message and cross he had now no hope of delivering—increased his sorrow and emotion. He was almost afraid to glance at his foster-father, and when he did so he saw the Breffnian chieftain bending forward on the neck of his horse, his face buried in his hands as if to shut out the piteous spectacle of a brother's death.

"By heaven!" exclaimed Mac Donogh, "this Hamilton is a greater villain than I thought; but, ere things go further, we will give the fellow a hint."

Riding forward a little in advance of the rest, he shook his clenched fist towards the castle, and then pointed significantly to the Puritan prisoners still in the centre of the Irish cavalry. The answer was a yell of derision from the garrison, and the colonel rode back with flashing eyes and compressed lips, his face pale as death.

At this instant there was a wild groan of sorrow and compassion from the insurgents, many of whom sank on their knees in fervent prayer for the dying, as the bodies of the ill-fated Con O'Rourke and his companion were hurled out from the castle battlements and hung dangling at the ends of the fatal beams.

Dead silence reigned for a few moments, broken by the sobs of many and the revengeful shouts of others of the Breffnians. At that moment most of them, at a word from their leaders, would have rushed madly and blindly against the stronghold of their enemies, and thrown away their lives in a vain attempt to burst open the strongly-barred portal or scale the smooth stone walls.

"Attention, men," at length shouted MacDonough to the cavalry; "separate the male prisoners from their wives and children; let the Mac Gawran's division conduct the latter back in safety to Dromahaire."

The command was obeyed, but the leaders gathered around Mac Donogh with looks of inquiry.

"Now," continued the colonel, sternly, "we will teach that wolf yonder a lesson he may not readily forget. We have paid him back one debt already"—and he pointed to the smouldering ruins of the town—"but a graver and heavier one has been contracted, and this one we will pay ere we leave this spot."

"How so?" inquired one of the party, anxiously.

"What! Have you never heard, then, of the stern law of retaliation? That fiend yonder seems to believe that we are unwilling to resort to it, but he shall soon know his mistake. Two of our friends, prisoners in his hands, have just been put to death, contrary to the laws of honorable warfare; but they are not the first—fourteen other victims have already met a like fate at the orders of Hamilton. To put a stop to this infamous system of murder only one course is open to us. You will understand me when I say that three of these male prisoners of ours shall be executed here on the spot, in view of yonder garrison."

Murmurs of abhorrence arose at the proposal.

"No, no, not that, above all," said Owen O'Rourke, in a broken and hollow voice, which betrayed his deep grief and heartbreak at the unfortunate circumstance which had just taken place; "no, no, for heaven's sake, Mac Donogh! I beg you to desist from this project; let us leave such cold-blooded slaughter to our enemies."

"Pshaw!" was the stern reply; "our chicken-heartedness has served badly for our murdered friends. Had we at first done what I now propose, our cause should have been more respected. Henceforth, as long as we return mercy for mercy and slaughter for slaughter, our enemies will be in no hurry to refuse an exchange, and shall not dare to murder their captives in cold blood."

"By heavens, the colonel is right!" cried several voices—voices of those whose friends had benn sacrificed by Hamilton.

"But, colonel, the shame and the——"

"Do I command here, or do I not?" exclaimed MacDonough, in peremptory tones. "Come, let us get through with the business as speedily as possible."

The determined speaker carried his point without further opposition. The unfortunate captive Undertakers heard their fate, some with terror-stricken faces, some with manly fortitude and resignation. A number of pieces of paper, three of which were marked with the word "Death," were placed in a hat, and one by one the prisoners approached and drew from the fatal lottery. The drawers of the fatal slips were by name William Liston, Thomas Fullerton, and Patrick Drummond, the latter being a serving-man. The doomed men were led away.

The rays of the setting sun fell that memorable evening on the two bodies swaying to and fro from the gibbets on the battlements of Manor-Hamilton; but three other ghastly corpses hung suspended from the branches of trees in the darkening valley below.

The grim law of retaliation was vindicated.

In order not to increase the sorrow of his foster-father, Edmund O'Tracy allowed a month to pass ere he disclosed to him the message of affection with which he had been entrusted by Lasarina Cruise that night in the old lake-fortress of Cavan. As the lord of Dromahaire took the little gold cross into his hands, a tear fell from his eyes on the mournful token, and a deep sigh escaped him.

"Mo nuar! Mo nuar!" he exclaimed, in a sad undertone, "that I should live to see and hear all this! Poor colleen! poor colleen! she was true to him to the last—and, sure, Con loved the very ground she walked on. Avic machree, never shall I part with this little relic of their devotion, never shall it leave my keeping. Both their troubles are over, I pray, for ever. My murdered brother has been laid in his unknown grave by the rude hands of his slayers, and poor Lasarina is dead!"

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Cos Dubh.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

D'fhiafruigh sé air deire dhí, gan a imnidhe leigint air, cá raibh a h-inghean imthighthe uatha, agus d'fhreagair an t-sean-bhean go geur é, "Ní bhaineann sé dhuitse cia bé áit a bhfuil sí imthighthe, ni h-é sin doghnódh-sa.

B'iomarcaidh é sin dó. Rinne sé aon léim, agus rug sé air scórnaigh na caillighe agus thuit sí faoi, le sgread áidhbheul a dhúisigh ingean an Righ. "Damnadh siorruidh ort, a shean-chailleach na bpisreog," ghlaodh sé, "an measann tú go dtig leat mo mhealladh-sa? innis dam an mómid so cá bhfuil d'inghean no bainfidh mé do mhuineul gránna dhíot d'aon fhásgadh." Do sgread an chailleach, agus throid sí, agus thuit sí ag strapairceacht air an uriár, acht bhí a lámh aige air a piobán agus nior sgaoil sé a ghreim, "innis dam cá bhfuil d'inghean, a bhean gan náire," ar sé, "no tachtfaidh me thu." "Nach leigfidh dham labhairt," ar sise, air éigin, "agus meneosaidh me rud air bith dhuit." Sgaoil Goillis a ghreim annsin, acht nior fhág sé amach-samach í. "Abair leat," ar sé "agus muna gnidh tu faoistin fhíor dam tá an bás i ndán duit anocht." "Chuaidh sí chum an tobair le tarraing uisge le bhur n-aghaidh-se amárach," ar san chailleach, "agus cad é an sórt cditighthe é sin air mo chineáltas duit-se nuair thug me leabuidh, didion, agus biadh dhíobh, agus is é an buidheachas a fuair me go bhfuil me beagnach tachta agad."

"Basgadh ort! thug tu d'éitheach," ghlaodh Goillis, "dá mbudh chum an tobair do bhéidheadh sí ag imtheacht ghlacfadh sí soitheach no canna léithe, agus ní raibh ann a láimh acht bata nuair d'fhág sí an teach mar bhí mise ag breathnughadh uirri."

"Ní raibh aon t-soitheach a' teastáil," ar an t-sean-bhean, "bhí an soitheach-uisge fágtha taobh amuigh de'n teach." "Cad chuige nach bhfuil sí air ais roimhe seo?" ar Goillis. "Mar tá an tobar trí mhile ó'n áit sco agus tá'n bóthar olc," ar san chailleach.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

A stimulant is often needed to nourish and strengthen the roots and to keep the hair a natural color. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best tonic for the hair.

THE promotion of Gen. Piatt, United States Consul at Cork, to a similar position in Dublin is a well merited reward of a good and efficient official. Mr. and Mrs. Piatt during their long residence in the South of Ireland won the esteem and affection of all. Both are poets of considerable merit, and have done ample justice in their verses to the beauty of Irish scenery and the good qualities of the Irish heart.

THE GETTING IT DOWN is bad enough, with the ordinary pill. But the having it down is worse. And, after all the disturbance, there's only a little temporary good.

From beginning to end, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are better. They're the smallest and easiest to take—tiny, sugar-coated granules that any child is ready for. Then they do their work so easily and so naturally that it lasts. They absolutely and permanently *cure* Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick and Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. They're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

THE MAKERS of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy say: "If we can't cure your Catarrh no matter what your case is, we'll pay you $500 in cash." Now you can see what is said of other remedies, and decide which is most likely to cure you. Costs only 50 cents.

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SURELY CURED.

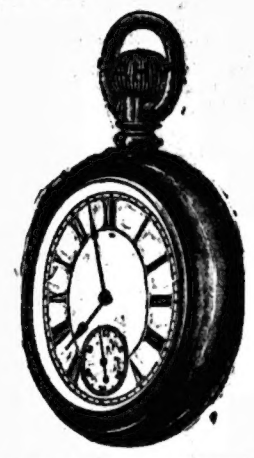
TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C., No. 183 Pearl Street, New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.



NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $12.00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $36.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15 THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usege will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $23.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No. 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 44, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem-winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.90. The above watch is especially suitable for girls It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

PUTS IN PROTEST.

The Whisky Trust Objects to Congressional Inquisition.

AND DISOWNS DEWAR AND GIBSON

Greenhut Explains the Operations of the Company and How It Differs from a Trust—Cleveland's Friend Quincy Drops in to Inquire What Show There Is for a Sherman Act Repeal Bill.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—The whisky trust investigation was continued yesterday, President Greenhut, of the Distilling and Cattle-Feeding company, being examined. Before Greenhut took the stand Stevens, the attorney for the company, asked permission to make a statement. He wished to enter a protest against an inquiry into the affairs of the Distilling and Cattle Feeding company. The company was a corporation under the laws of Illinois. It was a manufacturing company and authorized to sell its products as other companies do. It was not engaged in any unlawful business. Its methods of doing business differed from other companies so far as rebate vouchers used by it was concerned.

Has Nothing to Do With DeWar.

These vouchers would be shown by the president of the company. They were payable under agreement. He wished to disclaim any and all connection of the company with DeWar's testimony. The officers had no knowledge whatever regarding it. Whatever there was between DeWar and Gibson was under a former company and neither of the gentlemen (DeWar nor Gibson) had ever been connected with the present company. This company took no interest in the matter at all. Gibson had resigned when this company was formed. Gibson, he understood, discharged DeWar. He could not see the right of the committee to go into the affairs of the company.

Greenhut on the Stand.

Greenhut testified that he had been president of the Distilling and Cattle-Feeding company since its organization. Its stock was $35,000,000. It originally had eighty-two distilleries. They were located in Chicago, Cincinnati, Peoria, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Omaha and other places. They were all bought by the corporation at the time of its organization.

Bynum asked how the values of the plants were obtained and how they were paid for.

Greenhut objected to answering the question as it went into the financial affairs of the company, and then stated that the plants were appraised by a committee and paid for in stock of the company. A number of the plants were afterward closed, as the demand for the product was not sufficient to keep them running.

The Matter of Rebates.

The company had no agents, their sales being made direct to wholesale dealers. A rebate was given to customers provided their dealing with the company was continuous for six months, the period covered by the rebate vouchers. His company marketed pure spirits, the blending and adulteration being done by wholesale dealers and other purchasers. In reply to questions by Boatner, he said that his company was not a trust. He knew of no trusts. A trust, as he understood it, consisted in the co-operation of different individuals or corporations to limit production and keep up prices. His company put their goods to the trade at a less cost; this was one of their objects.

Cause of the Rise of Price.

Boatner said that it had been stated before the committee that the price of whisky had advanced 25 cents a gallon when a large amount of these vouchers were out. The reply was that at the time of the advance no more than usual were out. The price had risen on account of the agitation before congress looking to an increasing of the internal revenue tax on liquors. It was an excessive and speculative demand and the company had advanced the price to stop it. If they had not done so they could have sold twice the amount of goods they did. His company had nothing to do with the supply or manufacture of compounds or essences used in the adulteration of liquors. The addition of essences did not injure whisky; it was simply to cater to the tastes of the trade.

How It Differed from a Trust.

Boatner asked him if his company was not the successor of what was known as the whisky trust. Witness replied yes, and Boatner asked what the difference in the companies was. Greenhut replied that the distillers who were organized as a trust were separate and under a board of trustees who issued trust certificates. They had stock in the trust and could control the election of officers and the affairs of the concern. Its object was to prevent over-production. The plants were not allowed to produce any more than could be sold. He was president of the old company. The new company absolutely owns all the property it controls. The committee adjourned.

QUINCY LOOKS OVER THE GROUND.

He Goes to Washington to See About Sherman Act Repeal.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—Josiah Quincy arrived in Washington yesterday and had a talk with several Democrats in congress on the situation. There were some inquiries as to whether or not Quincy bore any message from Cleveland. Chairman Bacon, of the banking committee, which had charge of the recent attempt to repeal the Sherman bullion purchase, saw Quincy, but said that if that gentleman bore any message from the president-elect it was not delivered to him (Bacon).

Not an Envoy from Cleveland.

Quincy himself said: "I had no authority to speak for Mr. Cleveland upon this subject, and my visit was not due to Mr. Cleveland's suggestion. So far as I am aware Mr. Cleveland is not expecting any further action on the silver question at this session of congress. I asked a number of representatives for their views as to the possibility of a compromise measure being brought forward even at this late stage of the session, but I had no such a measure to suggest myself and there did not seem to be any belief that anything more could or would be done."

Views of the Statesmen.

The vote in the house last week was an unusually large one and most members think that in view of the lateness of the session and the impracticability of passing any silver legislation in the senate, even if the house could be persuaded to act, agitation should cease. Some of the ardent anti-silver men, however, are still inclined to move in the matter and it is possible fresh life may be infused into the subject. If another effort be made in behalf of silver repeal it will first take the direction of endeavoring to convert some of the members, who gave the silver men the majority of nine in the last vote.

Made the Penalty Easier.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—In acting upon the application for pardon in the case of Gustave Wilke, of Texas, for violating the act prohibiting the importation of foreigners under contract to labor in the United States, and sentenced to pay a fine of $1,000 in each of the sixty-four cases, the president says that it appears probable that Wilke erred in ignorance of the law, and that if he pays $8,000 and costs the balance of the penalty will be remitted. The total would amount to nearly $70,000.

Another Turn of the Screw.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—The president has approved the act in relation to testimony before the interstate commerce commission.

THE PARIS, TEX., INFAMY.

A Ministers' Meeting at Chicago Thrown into a Ferment.

CHICAGO, Feb. 14. — "Smith was not burned at Paris, Tex., because he was a negro, but because of the crime he had committed, and I think he was treated just right." Rev. William B. Leach, of the Pauline Street Methodist Episcopal church, uttered these words with a good deal of emphasis at the meeting of the Pastoral Alliance yesterday and thereby threw the assembled pastors into a ferment. Cries of "Shame! shame!" "Hush! hush!" "No! no!" rang from all parts of the room.

Leach Sticks to His Text.

"I repeat it," exclaimed Mr. Leach excitedly, shaking a long forefinger defiantly in the faces of his ministerial brethren. "I say he was treated just right." Once more the cries of "Shame" resounded, and the usually placid depths of the Monday morning meeting were stirred into waves of indignant protest. The scene became dramatic. Springing to his feet, a colored brother claimed the floor. It was Rev. W. A. Birch, and the working of his features showed how deeply he was moved.

And We Do Talk About It.

"Talk about American civilization," said the dark-hued minister, flashing indignant glances at Brother Leach, "you had better go to Africa. The proceedings of the mob at Paris was a most inhuman barbarity." "Devilish barbarity," interjected Dr. Gilbert, editor of The Advocate, and the assembled pastors manifested their approval by applause.

Applause for Broker Birch.

"I do not seek to condone crime," continued Rev. Mr. Birch, "and especially such a foul crime as was committed by the man Smith, but the law is strong in Texas as in every state of this glorious Union, and the law should have dealt with him according to his deserts. The fate he met was conceived in inhumanity, was executed with the most inexcusable barbarity, and calls for the condemnation of civilization. Things have come to such a pass that the black man has no rights in the south today." Mr. Birch's remarks were applauded by the pastors and Brother Leach was made to feel that he had made an exceedingly bad break.

The Alliance Goes on Record.

Finally the following resolution was adopted, but whether Brother Leach voted aye or no is not recorded: "That this alliance expresses its indignation and abhorrence of the late inhuman atrocities perpetrated by the citizens of Paris, Tex., on another citizen, in putting him to death, accompanied by atrocities that disgrace our civilization, without form of law and in violation of the state and national constitutions; and that we sympathize with all efforts on the part of the authorities to secure the punishment of the perpetrators of the crime."

A "Good Time" from the Paris View.

PARIS, Tex., Feb. 14.—A letter was received here Sunday to the effect that 2,500 colored citizens of Chicago were coming here to avenge the burning of Henry Smith, and would only be satisfied when they had wiped Paris off the face of the earth. It is not believed that they will come, but if they do there will be a good time. The people here stand by what was done and will allow no man to challenge their good name.

PETER JACKSON NOT SATISFIED.

He Doesn't See Why He Should Play Second Fiddle.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 14.—Peter Jackson put in a busy afternoon Sunday in rehearsing "Uncle Tom," in which character he is to appear soon. "I don't see why I should play second fiddle to Mitchell," said Jackson, in reference to Corbett's talk. "My money is up to fight Corbett for the world's championship. A direct answer is what I want, not qualifications. My money is up and the Englishman's isn't. Corbett talks as if he was doing me a favor, but I am justly entitled to the first fight.

Wants His Money Covered.

"No theatrical contract ought to bind a man to neglect what is due to other fighters who have made their reputations honestly in the ring. I was offered a year's contract to act, but refused to sign for more than four months, as I didn't want to be tied up. I am ready to fight Corbett at four month's notice. Even next December will suit me, but I want Corbett to cover my money."

Parson Davies States the Case.

Parson Davies, who had listened to what Jackson had said, added: "On the night of the Corbett-Sullivan fight I challenged Corbett for Jackson and Corbett has no right now to put Jackson in second place. Mitchell isn't the champion of England. Its strange, therefore, why he should be allowed the precedence. Corbett's anxiety to get on a match with Jackson was great when Jackson was in England, but when he returned Corbett's eagerness vanished."

The Figure of Venus Shocked Him.

EDGERTON, Wis., Feb. 14.—A revival has been in progress here for several weeks under the direction of an exhorter from California. Among those who have been influenced by the preacher are the Sampson brothers, potters, who have been at work upon several pieces of statuary for the World's fair. The revivalist visited the Sampson work shop and when his eyes fell upon a number of figures of Venus he was greatly shocked. He told the Sampsons that they could not be Christians and continue to mold such statues. He so worked upon the potters that they destroyed several hundred dollars' worth of work.

War Against Hoops Spreading.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 14.—Representative W. F. Peak, of New Bedford, the hoop-skirt reformer, is highly delighted at the approbation with which the anti-crinoline bill he introduced in the legislature has been received. He says that he has received a letter from Frank D. Smith, a New York legislator, asking a copy of his bill, as Smith is going to introduce a similar measure in the Empire state legislature.

DEATH OF NORVIN GREEN.

President of the Western Union Passes Away at Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 13.—Norvin Green, president of the Western Union Telegraph company, died at his home in Louisville at 7:30 o'clock Sunday morning. His death was caused by diarrhœa, from which he had been an acute sufferer just one week. Dr. Green, as he was known by the people of this city, his home, had not been well for several years. Six weeks ago he sought rest in the seclusion of his home. One week ago he was taken suddenly ill with the malady which carried him off and failed steadily.

Sketch of His Life.

Norvin Green was born in New Albany, Ind., just across the Ohio river from Louisville, April 17, 1818. He received a country school education, graduated from the University of Louisville with the degree of M. D in 1840, and married Miss Martha English of Carroll county in the following year. He had hardly attained his majority at this time. He gained some political influence and in 1853 was appointed disbursing agent for the custom house then in process of erection here. His interest in telegraph matters began a year later when he formed a syndicate to purchase the almost bankrupt People's New Orleans and Cincinnati telegraph lines.

President of the Western Union.

His fine organizing ability was soon shown by the payment of dividends, the first ever declared in the telegraph business. He directed the Western Union deal which merged every American line in that company. Upon the death of President William Orton, Norvin Green was chosen unanimously to succeed him. Ever since that time, 1877, he had continued to fill the position. He leaves a widow and six children. The funeral will take place here Thursday. Vice President John Van Horn, General Manager T. T. Eckert, and the board of directors of the telegraph company—thirty in number—will be present. The interment will be in the family lot in Cave Hill this city.

HAWAIIAN COMMISSION.

Its Members Given a Special Reception by the President.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 13.—The members of the Hawaiian annexation commission were given a special reception by the president in the blue room Saturday afternoon. The presentations of the commissioners were made by Secretary John W. Foster. No speeches were made and no specific reference to the mission of the commissioners was touched upon. The affair was entirely informal and lasted about half an hour in a pleasant conversation with the president. After the reception the commissioners were shown through the mansion. They were much interested in the public reception in the east room and remained until its close.

Says the Statement Is Untrue.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 13.—The statement was published here to the effect that ex-Queen Liliuokalani has agreed to relinquish all her right, title and interest, together with any claims she believes she has in the abrogated monarchy of Hawaii forever, provided her commission prevail upon the United States government to give her good and valuable consideration for such relinquishment. A United Press representative saw Paul Neuman in his room at the Occidental hotel shortly before noon and asked him if he would confirm the statement. He said that it was untrue and had probably been sent up by the "other crowd" referring to the adherents of the provisional government.

THOUSANDS WITNESSED IT.

Three People Drowned and Their Bodies Swept Out to Sea.

BOSTON, Feb. 13.—Two young men and a boy who were standing on treacherous ice on the Mystic river in Charlestown Sunday were drowned in sight of thousands of people and their bodies swept out to sea. There was a vast crowd skating on the river and harbor near by and the trio ventured out on the thin ice near the channel. One, a man apparently 21 years, rose to the surface.

One Brave Man.

Of all the vast crowd only one man made an attempt to rescue the drowning man. John Blake courageously stripped and dived into the ice-cold water, carrying a plank to him, but the poor fellow lost his hold and drifted under the ice and out of sight. Blake was picked up exhausted in a row boat. The names of the drowned are unknown, but late Sunday night it was believed that they were of the crew of the receiving ship Wabash, as three answering their descriptions are missing.

Lincoln's Birthday.

CHICAGO, Feb. 13.—Abraham Lincoln's birthday fell on Sunday, but the legal holiday was held Monday. City and county offices, banks and state offices were all closed in honor of the great patriot, who was the theme of many an earnest discourse from pulpit and rostrum. The celebration proper began with the Lincoln club exercises at Central Music hall Sunday afternoon. Monday evening at 6:30 o'clock the Marquette club gave a grand banquet where many prominent men spoke, and later Lincoln council, National union, commemorated the event with public exercises at the Auditorium. All over the country banquets and meetings were held.

Vice President-Elect Stevenson's Escort.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., Feb. 13.—All arrangements have been completed for the journey to Washington of the Stevenson Escort club of this city, who will attend the inaugural ceremonies at the national capital as the personal escort of Vice President-elect Stevenson. Fully one hundred persons will compose the party and they will have a complete train, which will go through unbroken from Bloomington to Washington, starting Monday, Feb. 27. It will consist of five cars and will go via the Chicago and Alton and the Baltimore and Ohio. Mr. Stevenson and his family will occupy a private car of the train.

Mr. Blaine's Will.

AUGUSTA, Me., Feb. 13.—The will of the late James G. Blaine was filed for probate Monday. It was executed in Washington, Jan. 7, 1893, and gives practically his entire estate to his wife in fee simple. Mr. Blaine's children are bequeathed $50 apiece and each of his grandchildren $25. Mrs. Blaine is named as executrix, and is not required to give any security. The name of James G. Blaine, the third, is not mentioned in the will.

Justice Schofield Dead.

MARSHALL, Ills., Feb. 13.—Justice John Schofield of the Illinois supreme court died here Monday. He had been ill for some time, but not until the last day or two had his illness become alarming.

TWO SCORES PERISHED

Forty-four People Meet Death in the Flames.

HOLOCAUST IN AN INSANE ASYLUM.

The Victims Make No Efforts to Save Themselves and Die in a Horrible Manner.

The County Insane Asylum Near Dover, N. H., the Scene of the Calamity—Efforts of Those in Authority to Rescue the Helpless Victims Prove Unavailing—Only Four of the Forty-Eight Inmates Escape from the Fiery Furnace.

DOVER, N. H., Feb. 10.—The county farm insane asylum, four miles from this city, was burned Thursday night, forty-four of the inmates perishing in the flames. The building was of wood, two stories high, the main building being about 50 feet long with an ell of 25 feet. In this were confined forty-eight insane persons. The building was surrounded by a high board fence topped with barbed wire. The building caught fire about 9:30 p. m. The inmates and keeper with his wife and two children were all asleep. When Watchman William Cheevey made his rounds he found the fire coming out of the cell occupied by A. Lafamitane, a woman, and gave the alarm. William Driscoll, the keeper, with his family, lived in the building, and he at once broke the locks of the fifty-four cells and tried to get the inmates out. Then he saved his wife and two children, they escaping through the window in their night gowns.

Unavailing Efforts at Rescue.

Scenes of the wildest excitement prevailed. The inmates were utterly panic-stricken by the sight of the fire, and in spite of the efforts of physicians, nurses and attendants many of them became totally unmanageable, and danced, howled and shrieked about the flames. Desperate efforts were made to save the unfortunates who were confined in the burning building, but so far as many of them were concerned the efforts were unavailing. Of the inmates only four escaped. They were William Twombly, Rose Sanderson, William Daly, and Frank Donshon. The latter walked two miles in a blinding snowstorm, protected only by his shirt, to William Horne's house, where he was taken care of. By this time the fire was under such headway that it was impossible to rescue any of the inmates. Some got into the yard only to find themselves imprisoned and there to be slowly roasted to death. The blackened remains could be seen lying about in the yard after the fire, a most sickening sight. The main building, in which were one hundred of the county poor, caught fire, but was saved by the heroic efforts of the inmates, who carried pails of water and extinguished the flames, although many were burned in so doing.

A Horrible Spectacle.

The Dover fire department was summoned, but owing to the distance, and the icy roads, it took ninety-five minutes for the department to get there—too late to be of service. Those who arrived on the scene will never forget the horrible spectacle. The fire brightly illuminated the country for many miles. The inmates could be plainly seen as they tossed about in the fire. So confused were the unfortunates that they were getting into each other's way and then in despair going back into their cells. Some laughed as the flames lighted up the corridors and all refused to obey the keeper, who labored manfully to save them. The scene was heartrending. Keeper Driscoll used every possible effort to liberate the inmates and remained in the building until he was obliged to jump for his life. He sprang from a second story window in order to save himself. When the rescuers from the town reached the place the fire had almost burned itself out and soon there was only a mass of charred embers. Through the smoking ruins could be seen the bodies of many who had returned to their beds and then burned to death.

List of the Dead.

Following is a list of those burned to death: Robert Dione, Mrs. Mary Lavin, of Salmon Falls; Sarah McClintock, Lizzie Ellis, Fannie Slattery, Maggie White, Frank Rowe, Addie Otis, Charles Libby, William Fills, Owen Malley, Mrs. Roberts, an 8-year-old child, and Mary Fountain, of Great Falls; Ann McDermott, Sarah Hutchinson, Catherine Haley, Kate Duffee, Frank Spriggins, Mrs. Mary McClintock, Harry Kimball, Caroline Rait, Julia Keil, Mrs. Ann Rothwell, Mary Cogley, Mary Maloney and Michael Casey, of Dover; Lenia Ellis, Frank Page, Mary Nutter, Sarah Sweet and Frank Nutter, of Rochester; Mary Twindall, of Milton Mills; Ann Carr, of Rollinsford; Lewter Jones, of Farmington; William Twombly, of Barrington; Elizabeth Pickering, of Gonic; Mary Wilson, of Lee; William Chesley, of Durham, and five others whose names could not be remembered by the keeper and his books were burned in the building.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT REPORTED.

Some Place the Number of Dead as High as Forty.

RUTLAND, Vt., Feb. 13.—A telephone message just received from West Rutland says the Vermont Marble company's covered quarry there fell in, killing several workmen outright and probably killing many others. All telephone lines are being used to get help and no accurate details are obtainable. Three already have been taken out dead. It is impossible to tell how many are buried. One report says five more; another says forty.

Fatal Hotel Fire.

CENTERVILLE, Ia., Feb. 10.—Two persons perished in the flames that consumed the Continental hotel here Thursday and two others were injured. The dead are: Mrs. McKee of Centerville, died of injuries received from jumping from the third story; Samuel Lewis, Greeley, Ia., burned to death. The injured: William Hale, Ottumwa, traveling man, three ribs broken, thumb torn off, considered critical; M. A. Boberts, Ottumwa, attorney, feet burned.

What Noble Thinks of Gresham.

NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—Secretary of the Interior Noble was asked what he thought about the selection of Judge Gresham. He said: "As the report lacks confirmation by either of the two gentlemen most interested, it would not become me to speak too specifically. I will say, however, that Judge Gresham is a very able man and a man who, in my opinion, would make an excellent secretary."

LEGISLATION FOR ILLINOIS.

Some Interesting Transactions in the State Assembly—Brief Details.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 8.—The senate yesterday deferred until today action in the Blaine memorial resolution. A resolution for an investigation of alleged shcool book and school furniture trusts was adopted. A bill was introduced regulating the width of wagon tires and giving a rebate in taxes to persons or corporations who use vehicles with tires three inches in width. The house adopted Mounts' resolution calling on the attorney general for an opinion whether money taken by state officials as interest on state funds for which they are responsible, can be recovered by the state. There wasn't a negative vote.

A bill was ordered to third reading, which will undoubtedly pass, that is of interest to employes. It prohibits persons, firms, or corporations from requiring from employes a forfeiture of an amount of their wages unless said employe, when intending to leave, shall give said employer notice of such intention, and makes the penalty for violation of this prohibition a sum of money equal to the forfeiture demanded, to be paid to the employe. But this prohibition shall not apply where said employers agree to give like notice when desiring to discharge an employe, except in cases of gross neglect, disobedience, incompetency, or in case of general suspension of that special class of labor in his, their or its factory or shop.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 9.—A bill requiring the Australian ballots to have coupons attached was sent to third reading in the senate yesterday. When a voter takes a ballot the judge tears of the coupon and when the voter returns to deposit his ballot it is compared with the coupon. Eulogies were delivered on the late Senator Matthews, and also on the late ex-Secretary Blaine, resolutions in both cases being adopted by a standing vote. A resolution was introduced asking congress to withdraw the paper money and replace it with aluminum coin to protect the people from cholera. A resolution was introduced providing for a surive of the Kaskaskia and Cache rivers with a view of deepening them and draining the contiguous country.

Bacon wanted the rules suspended and a resolution passed making Mary Howard a reading clerk in place of her husband, Phocion Howard, but there was opposition and the resolution, like the others noted, went over. Bills were introduced: To extend the time for open polls in cities to 7 p. m.; to repeal the pharmacy and dentistry board laws; to give managers of soldiers' homes authority to draw the pensions of inebriate inmates. The house joint resolution on the World's fair Sunday was taken up and adopted after Berry had moved to table it and been defeated 31 to 10.

There was a warm discussion in the house over a bill regulating the employment of children under 16 years of age. In order to bring the Democrats into a position inconsistent with that which they hold on the education question, the Republicans offered an amendment providing that "this act shall not be so construed as to interfere with the right of parents to control their own children and direct their employment." It was finally adopted on roll call—85 to 41, and the bill ordered to third reading. Bills were introduced: To regulate rates of interest; providing for the building of improved roads; reducing the age of consent to 16 years; regulating the times of year in which horse racing is permitted. The bill to repeal the sparrow bounty law was passed.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 10.—The state senate yesterday adopted the judiciary committee's report in favor of the Campbell resolution regarding state treasurers and auditors. A bill creating a superintendent of insurance was reported favorably, and the bill to appropriate $25,000 for the State Horticultural society, $20,000 for the Dairymen's association and $5,000 for the beekeepers to make World's fair exhibits was reported unfavorably. The resolution to give the widow of Phocion Howard his place on the payrolls was adopted. A number of new bills were introduced.

In the house a communication was received from the Indiana legislature asking action on a resolution in favor of a new cabinet officer to be known as secretary of labor; referred. A resolution was adopted tendering the hall to the G. A. R. March 16 and 17. The federal relations committee reported favorably resolutions directing Illinois congressmen to favor the annexation of the Hawaiian islands. Merritt, of Sangamon, was opposed to hasty action, and Johnson, of Whiteside thought we had enough territory, and moved to recommit, which was carried—75 to 63. Some bills were introduced and the house adjourned.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 11.—About the only question the state senators were interested in yesterday was that of adjournment. Bills were introduced: Appropriating $100,000 for the state reformatory; to reduce interest on redemption of redemption of judgment sales to 6 per cent; to apply civil service reform to city and state appointive offices; to put building and loan associations under the supervision of the state auditor; to make the age of consent 16 years instead of 14. Riely then moved to adjourn to 5 p. m. Monday. The yeas and nays were called on the motion and the senators gave various explanations why they believed in such adjournment. The motion was carried—23 to 14.

The senate has agreed to the repeal of the Edwards educational law, and as soon as Governor Altgeld signs the bill there will be no compulsory educational law in this state. A house committee has reported favorably a bill making the terms of mayors of cities of specified population four years instead of two. It is a Chicago bill. Another bill that has been favorably reported is one that takes express, telegraph, life, fire and marine and accident insurance companies 8 per cent. of their gross earnings. Its author says: "We want more money in the treasury and we want the corporations and not the poor people to put it there."

The house had a lively fight over adjournment, but the fellows who want three days off a week won and the adjournment was to Monday at 4:55 p. m. Bills were introduced: To prevent live stock combinations, to establish training schools in the several school districts of this state to protect employes; appropriation for the Illinois state reformatory at Pontiac.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 14.—Both senate and house adjourned yesterday out of respect for the memory of Judge Scholfield. In the house Ferns offered a resolution to adjourn sine die April 13; referred.

Commissioner Morgan Resigns.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 13.—The president has accepted the resignation of General J. J. Morgan, commissioner of Indian affairs, to take effect March 4 and has granted him a leave of absence from Feb. 15 until the end of his term.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Happenings of a Week Boiled Down for Easy Reading.

Joseph Leonard of Millerstown, Pa., perished in a burning dwelling at Oakdale, Pa.

The first Yale-Princeton debate comes off March 15; subject: "Resolved, That the Peaceful Annexation of Canada Would Be Beneficial to the United States."

The Minneapolis Tribune thinks we had better let the Hawaiians first vote on the proposal to annex.

The pope is anxious to bring into general use a severer and more ecclesiastical style of church music. He is opposed to the modern operatic style, and an allocution and an order on the subject are said to be in preparation.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine has given to the city of Augusta, Me., $10,000 to found a library in honor of her husband's memory.

Pendleton, Or., has an Indian prophet, Nanich Kopa Alki Coplitz, who is said to have foretold the recent heavy fall of snow and several other atmospheric phenomena.

* * *

A ledge of moss agate, 6 inches thick, 5 feet wide and running half a mile, has been discovered 100 miles north of Cheyenne, Wy., and but nine miles from the railway. The agate, as quarried, is worth over $200 a ton.

Mrs. Dr. Sherman, a spiritualist medium of Minneapolis, was arraigned in that city on the charge of abducting Ida Linton, a 17-year-old girl who had worked for her as a nurse.

Dr. W. W. Zimmerman and Q. G. Smith of Richmond, Ind., have sued the Pennsylvania railroad for $10,000 damages for injuries received while crossing its tracks.

The marriage is announced at New York of Elephthesios Pelalas to Catharine Eleferopuls. The priest was Rev. Paisios Ferentinos.

The next Fourth of July will be a big occasion in Newburyport, the colossal bronze statue of William Lloyd Garrison having to be unveiled at that time.

There is a movement on foot to raise among Americans enough money to erect a memorial to Keats in the parish church of Hampstead, London.

* * *

Horace Scott, a Louisville millionaire was robbed in Indianapolis of $1,500 in checks and money by an ex-convict named Woodward. The latter says Scott lost the money in a poker game, but his story is not believed.

Wallace Henderson, a farmer, of Allen, Wis., died of lockjaw, caused by injury to his hand in a fall on the ice.

The Union League club of New York held its thirtieth anniversary celebration last Tuesday evening. Only sixty-six of the 333 men who joined in 1863 are still alive.

The largest taxpayer in Germany is Herr Krupp of Essen, who pays $32,400 on an income of $1,095,000, and next comes Baron Willie de Rothschild of Frankfort-on-the-Main with an income of $1,025,000 and a tax of $29,700.

Cesare Orsini, whose appointment as Italian envoy to Mexico is announced, is a brother to the leader in the attempted assassination of Napoleon III.

George Young shot Fred Glover at West Elgin, Ont., because Glover's dogs chased his turkeys.

So great is the popularity of Duke Carl Theodore of Bavaria, who practices as a physician, that last year he attended over five thousand patients and performed 200 operations of diseases of the eye.

* * *

Mrs. Gertie Lyons, aged 17, fell in a fit in St. Louis, due to a beating administered the day before by her mother, Mrs. Ketchum, who is under arrest awaiting the result of the blows.

Agner Puma, who was injured by a runaway horse in Marinette, Mich., died later.

Linda Moore, the 13-year-old daughter of W. C. Moore, living near Northwood, Ia., was accidentally killed by the discharge of a gun she was carrying from her father's burning house.

Satolli will be the lecturer on speculative theology in the Catholic University of America at Washington.

A. C. Law, a grain merchant of Atchison, Kan., accidentally shot himself. The wound is fatal.

Four persons have died in Bloomington, Ills., during the last two days of heart failure. All had had the grip.

Albert and Ellen Hodgson, aged 12 and 8 years respectively, while coasting on the river at Rock Island, Ills., dashed into an airhole and both were drowned.

Will J. Nichols, a young farmer living near Beatrice, Neb., has disappeared, leaving a number of forgeries, bearing his father's name, behind him.

* * *

While Mrs. Frank Carpenter and son were driving across the track of the Santa Fe railroad near Braidwood, Ills., a train struck their wagon, killing the boy and injuring the woman.

The 14-year-old son of Charles Keith president of the South Dakota board of agriculture, was kicked by a horse and instantly killed at Huron.

Milo Mayer, aged 22 years, committed suicide at Elkhart, Ind., by shooting himself.

That Tired Feeling

The marked benefit which people overcome by That Tired Feeling derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." J. B. Emerton, a well known merchant of Auburn, Maine, says: "About five years ago I began to suffer with very severe **pain in my Stomach**, gradually growing worse. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, being convinced that I was troubled with **Dyspepsia** complicated with **Liver and Kidney** troubles. I improved at once and am certainly very much better and feel more like working.

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THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 18, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Rosina Vokes.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—Fanny Rice in "A Jolly Surprise."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Aristocracy."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Wilson Barrett.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—DeWolf Hopper Opera Co. in "Wang."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, betweet Dearborn and Clark—"Surrender."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Joseph Murphy.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

GLADSTONE'S "HOME RULE."

Mr. Gladstone has kept faith with Ireland. To doubt his sincerity, as far as his desire to grant "Home Rule consistent with the integrity of the empire" is concerned, would now be not alone boorish but not far removed from brutal. The bill, so far as it has been formulated, is certainly, in many respects, an improvement on that of 1886. It is more definite and less complicated, but, as Mr. Gladstone himself admits, there is considerable room for amendment in committee. THE CITIZEN, while it believes that both Great Britain and Ireland would be much better off if entirely separate and independent of each other, and while it has no belief in Ireland's alleged inability to take care of herself in the event of attaining national independence, cannot conscientiously advise the Irish people to wholly reject Mr. Gladstone's projected measure. While it is far from being all that is desired, or desirable, it is certainly a great stride forward, and is clearly a splendid moral victory—bought at the bloody cost of a long struggle of over ninety years—for Ireland. It represents, in a degree, the result of the blood shed by Robert Emmet and Thomas Russell, the long and bitter exile of John Mitchel, Thomas Francis Meagher, William Smith O'Brien and Terence Bellew McManus; the sufferings of O'Donovan Rossa and his comrades in English penitentiaries; the martyrdom of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien at Manchester; the hanging of Michael Barrett, who exploded Clerkenwell wall, in London; and the sacrifices of scores of others, whose benevolent violence, according to Mr. Gladstone himself, as quoted in another article, caused England, in the long run, to pay serious attention to the grievances of Ireland. When exultant Irishmen sing peans to Gladstone and Parnell, let them not forget the real authors of the present Home Rule bill. Let them not be ungrateful to "the bell-ringers." After Home Rule is secured—as secured we believe it will be—let them not forget, when they build monuments to the "uncrowned kings" of Great Britain and Ireland, to raise obelisks also in honor of the brave men who sacrificed life and liberty to bring about a result which the whole world, outside of the British Tory faction, must applaud.

THE CITIZEN is not desirous of splitting hairs with Mr. Gladstone about his Irish bill; but it would insist that Irishmen should not regard it as a final settlement. Mr. Gladstone has admitted that a united Ireland would be irresistible. What is lacking to make Ireland united? Protestant confidence. The safeguards thrown around the Home Rule measure make it impossible for the Irish majority, even if they were so minded, which they are not, to oppress the Irish minority. Once that the Protestant portion of Ulster is convinced that the Irish constitution and parliament can be relied upon for protection against dangers purely imaginary, the Irish Protestants will become, in the natural course of events, as patriotic as the Irish Catholics. And then, Ireland being united, with increased population, wealth and resources, why should she not aspire to a higher degree of partnership with Great Britain, if she still desires to preserve the coronal connection? The retention of her representatives at Westminster is an admission of her participation in imperial concerns; but where are they apparent? The Irish flag flies over no British man-of-war or British regiment. All are "British," simply "British," except for territorial designations which are only useful for purposes of military identification. This is not the style of partnership that exists between Sweden and Norway, or between Austria and Hungary. The Norwegian boasts his own flag, army and marine. So does the Hungarian. It used to be the Austrian Empire. It is now the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Why not, if Ireland, in future generations, maintains the partnership—for if free she must be a free agent—the Brito-Irish Empire? Why not, under improved conditions—the general advance of civilization—an Irish flag, army and marine, military and commercial?

Ireland, as Gladstone has said, does not care to remain at Westminster. She did not raise that difficulty, "so full of thorns and brambles." But England insists that she shall remain. England is not to be blamed for this. Westminster would be a dull place of assembly, indeed, without the eloquent and witty, if sometimes turbulent, Irish. But if the Irish must remain at Westminster, why not on equal terms? If England, for example, wants to make an unjust war on America, or some other power friendly to Ireland, are the Irish to have no voice in the matter? We, personally, can conceive of no position more painful than that of an Irish born man compelled to choose between the land that bore him and the land that shelters him. We would wish to avoid such a painful possibility, because, of course, we would have to fight for the free government to which we have sworn allegiance, even though compelled to shed the blood of brethren linked in alliance with the enemies of America.

Ireland could never be a willing partner in the plunder raids of the British upon semi-civilized nations, who have the misfortune to be weak and rich at the same time. In the British imperial parliament, the voice of the Irish should be raised for universal peace. Otherwise there must be eternal embarrassment, for, by a curious combination of events, every possible enemy of the British empire is, more or less, friendly to Ireland and Irish aspirations. Yet this curious complication may pass away, with the growth of a better understanding between the foes of centuries, as Mr. Gladstone suggests. We think the grandest passage in his speech is in the closing paragraph of the peroration, in which he appeals to both England and Ireland to bury their past with its dead. Ireland and the Irish will certainly not stand in the way of harmony, on the broad and manly basis laid down by Mr. Gladstone. He approaches us, as we like to be approached, frankly and fearlessly. We do not repulse him. But how about England and the English? Are they willing to bury the past with its dead, or do they stand behind Balfour, chains and slavery? Ireland has no further fight with the Scotch and the Welsh. She is with them in all their efforts for reform, in church and state, because they have voted to do her justice. The Irish yield to love what they never would yield to hate. Why don't the English, as a majority, act toward Ireland as the Scotch and Welsh have done? We put it plainly to the English—Who stand in the way of peace, they or we?

THE CITIZEN, at this momentous time, would earnestly request the Irish race at home and everywhere to unite, and give their great moral support to this last measure intended to give Ireland some degree of power over her own concerns. Let us all, Separatists, Home Rulers, Federalists, "Extremists" and "Moderates," "Hillsiders" and "Ditch-hiders," get together throughout the world and sustain the struggle. We owe it to our motherland, whose circumstances render it necessary that her bleeding arteries should be tied up by domestic laws and filial tenderness. The Home Rule bill is not the measure of Ireland's hopes; but it is a rift in the clouds of her anguish, through which the sun of promise sends a ray.

The bill is almost certain to pass the commons. The lords, who represent all that is most truculent in English political life and action, will throw it out. Then the real struggle will begin. There will be a general election, and every man with Irish blood in his veins must give of his means to sustain Gladstone and his parliamentary allies. The Irish factions must unite. Eighty-five men, at least, pledged to Home Rule, must be sent to Westminster. If Gladstone is again victorious, the lords must give way, and the first great step in the political redemption of the most faithful and persistent of nations, in the cause of liberty, will have been achieved.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

The celebration of Lincoln's 84th birthday, in this city and elsewhere, last Sunday and Monday was a graceful tribute to one of the purest characters and brightest minds that America has produced. He may well be called—nathless the bloody war that marked his brilliant reign—Abraham Lincoln of gentle memory. The speeches delivered at Central Music Hall, this city, under the auspices of the Lincoln, Hamilton and Marquette clubs, were comprehensive if not eloquent. Prof. Von Holst, acting as chairman, did much better than the Rev. Carlos Martyn, who was advertised as orator of the day. Mr. Martyn was too discursive, too anecdotal, too Sunday-school class style, for a subject so grand and serious. He was also guilty of the execrable taste of ringing in "the Anglo-Saxon race" and its alleged glories, when the gentleman who offered the prayer was a Semite, and half the gentlemen on the platform were Celts, pure and simple. We have no doubt that fully half of the audience were Celts also. If Mr. Martyn must drag race into such addresses, let him say the Aryan race; but, then, Dr. Hirsch, and other able Jewish gentlemen, would be entitled to jump on him. Mr. Martyn's references to Europeanized Yankees were to the point; but he might have advantageously omitted some other subjects from his discourse.

PUNISHING THE BELL RINGERS.

Of the American writers who correspond, or corresponded, for papers published in this country from London, two have signalized themselves as enemies of Ireland—William Henry Hurlbut, who is, practically, a fugitive from England on account of a social escapade of a peculiar nature, and George W. Smalley, an Anglicized Yankee who seems to have acquired most of the faults of the English character without any of its redeeming virtues. This person's pen is always employed in painting the worst side of everything Irish, and is never exercised on the side of liberality or mercy. All English statesmen seem to rise in his estimation in proportion to their official severity. It is astonishing that a foremost American newspaper, such as the New York *Tribune*, should continue to employ this more-English-than-the-English Yankee, when there are dozens of real Americans equally talented who might be depended upon to look at great questions with American, instead of British Tory, eyes. Mr. Smalley's latest political idol is Mr. Asquith, the English home secretary, who is opposed to granting amnesty to the unhappy men now confined in English penitentiaries on trumped up charges of having been implicated in dynamite plots for the destruction of London. Considering that not a life was lost in all those alleged attempts at sending the English capital sky-high, it would seem, even if the men were guilty as charged, that—having regard for the fierce political excitement of the period in which they are alleged to have offended—they have been sufficiently punished. But Mr. Smalley thus lionizes Mr. Asquith for his alleged statesmanship and firmness:

"'We will not have Home Rule,' said Mr. Redmond, 'unless we have amnesty with it,' and to give effect to his words he moved an amendment to the address in truth, though not in terms, demanding the release of the dynamiters. Mr. Redmond's speech, as Mr. Asquith did not fail to remind him, dealt with the case of Daly only, and he urged his release, and by inference that of the other thirteen dynamiters, on two grounds: First, that he is innocent; second, that, whether innocent or guilty, he is a political prisoner.

"Mr. Asquith's reply to both was crushing. With all the precision of the lawyer and the alertness of the debater, he stated the case against Daly, the unanswered and unanswerable facts. Most of them came out in the trial. As to the rest,' said Mr. Asquith with dignity, 'I am stating to the house on my authority and responsibility as a minister of the crown, having cast upon me a most responsible and painful duty, that I have satisfied myself of the truth of these facts from information at my disposal which I shall not impart or communicate to any one. There is,' continued the Home Secretary, 'not the smallest doubt of Daly's guilt. If there were, he should have the benefit of it. No more is there of Gallagher's and the others; they are all guilty, all justly sentenced; all rightfully in prison, and there they will remain.'

"Then followed a statement of the doctrine touching so-called political crime and criminals—lucid, wholesome, temperate, and firm. 'You have to look,' said Mr. Asquith, 'not to the motive but to the method by which the crime is carried. Assassination and dynamite are as much outside the pale of political offenses as poisoning wells in time of war. They who use either deserve and will receive no consideration or indulgence from any British Government.' There was not from the beginning to the end of this admirable speech one ambiguous phrase. There was no hedging; there were no loopholes. No dynamiter will be released while Mr. Asquith remains Home Secretary."

A very few weeks ago, Michael Davitt publicly convicted the London *Times*, which used to be, up to the time of the Parnell expose, at least, the recognized organ of English governments, of having applauded, editorially, the English jury that refused to convict Dr. Barnard—the constructor of the infernal machine designed to kill Napoleon III in Paris, and which did kill several of his suite and some passers by, on the ground that his offense was potitical. On Nov. 25, 1879, Mr. Gladstone, speaking in the Midlothian campaign of that year, said:

"What happened in the case of the Irish church? I go with Lord Salisbury to that case, and it proves exactly the reverse of what he says. Down to the year 1865, and the dissolution of that year, the whole question of the Irish church was not paid attention to in England. Circumstances occurred which drew the attention of England to the Irish church. I had myself said in 1865 that it was out of the range of practical politics. It came to this, that a great jail in the heart of the metropolis was broken open [the wall of Clerkenwell prison blown down by Michael Barrett, afterward hanged], and in Manchester policemen were murdered in the discharge of their duty. At once attention became directed to Ireland, and the question came within the range of practical politics."

Now, here we have quoted two very good English authorities to show cause why Mr. Gladstone's government should not be too hard upon the alleged dynamitards still unamnestied—the London *Times* which called the construction of an infernal machine "a political offense," or words to that effect, and Mr. Gladstone himself, who admitted, nearly fourteen years ago, that the blowing down of a jail wall, and the "murder" of a policeman were necessary to call the attention of England to Irish grievances. We know that, years afterward, he attempted to modify his expression by saying that "outrage" was only "the ringing of the chapel bell which called attention to the services;" but his modification was not a happy one. Since the Clerkenwell explosion and the Manchester rescue, that chapel bell has been rung many times, more or less boisterously, and, after each succeeding stroke, England became more and more convinced that there must be some good cause which produced such an English effect. Thus, twenty-seven years ago, there could not be found in the British parliament three Englishmen who would even remotely entertain the proposition of Home Rule for Ireland. Now a couple of hundred or so are among its advocates. Well, if "the chapel bell" did such good service in the cause of Gladstonian reform, why should the venerable statesman permit his young man, Mr. Asquith, to be so hard on the alleged bell-ringers? In our view, it is a case of black ingratitude.

THE CITIZEN does not, however, indorse Mr. John Redmond's alleged statement that he would not accept Home Rule unless amnesty accompanied it. A great cause cannot be sacrificed for the benefit of individuals, however severe the injustice inflicted upon them. Besides, with Home Rule won, there is a rational chance that amnesty, notwithstanding present protestations of English ministers to the contrary, will follow; whereas, if Home Rule should be beaten, there would be no chance of amnesty, and both would be lost together.

The English mind can never be brought to do anything in generous and manly fashion. It is, with the usual exceptions which only prove the rule, a brutal and a cruel mind, emanating from a savage heart, and delights in torturing those whose alleged acts have forced it on the path of reform. It feels that the English foot must be lifted off the Irish worm, which, after a couple of generations of cowardly submission to intolerable wrong, turned at last into a serpent with a most deadly set of fangs, but, before it is entirely lifted, the great hoof of the tyrant must again press its victim to the earth and enjoy its wriggling. This is the spectacle presented by Mr. Asquith's policy. The Englishman cannot help it, any more than a Royal Bengal tiger can, when hungry, or angry, refrain from making a meal of a Hindoo.

JOE MURPHY AT THE HAYMARKET.

Mr. Joseph Murphy, the distinguished Irish comedian, whose advent is always hailed with delight by all Chicago theatre-goers, will open an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre next week, beginning on the evening of the 19th inst. He will be supported by a carefully selected company and will appear in The Kerry Gow the first part of the week, including Wednesday matinee, and Shaun Rhue on Thursday and Friday nights, and Saturday matinee and evening. It is needless to say that Mr. Murphy is simply unrivaled in his particular sphere, and that all who attend his plays come away delighted and more than ever determined to see and enjoy him again. He has the faculty of so thoroughly identifying himself with his characters—a quality quite rare in even some otherwise excellent actors—that the spectator forgets all about Joe Murphy and sees only the Gow or Shaun Rhue, or whatever other character he may choose to assume. THE CITIZEN wishes Mr. Murphy a prosperous season.

GALLANT ACTS BY IRISHMEN.

It is gratifying to note the number of Irishmen, publicly or privately employed, who distinguish themselves by presence of mind and great personal courage in cases of grave emergency. Last week, in Pennsylvania, Engineer O'Donnell carried a passenger train in safety over a sinking trestlework by putting on all steam, when a less nervy man would have "jumped" and left the passengers to their fate. He had barely crossed the bridge when the trestle tumbled down the mountain side. In this city, Assistant Fire Marshals Murphy and Campion, Officers Brennan, Healey, McNerney, and others of the police force, have frequently signalized their bravery; and now Officer Patrick Keeley, of the Maxwell Street station, can be added with honor to the roll of local heroes. On Wednesday morning, he rushed into the burning frame house of Henry Meyhoften, No. 616 Paulina street, in the teeth of what seemed to be certain death, and rescued the man's wife and child from the flames. Such glorious deeds for the sake of humanity should not go unrecognized and unrewarded.

WE cannot understand why Mr. Labouchere should move an amendment to exclude the Irish members from Westminster. The Irish will, no doubt, vote for his amendment, because they prefer not to remain; but the effect of their absence will not be for the benefit of Mr. Labouchere or the radical element of the English Liberal party. The Irish National members have always voted consistently for every measure of British reform introduced in the house of commons.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was the Old Man Eloquent. William Ewart Gladstone is the Old Man Repentant.

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT, in a letter of apology for non-attendance at a recent amnesty meeting held in Limerick, recommends the postponement of any contemplated parliamentary action on the subject of amnesty. "The friends of the political prisoners will refrain," he adds, "from courting a decision in their regard at the opening of parliament." This rigidly conservative and highly prudent declaration comes oddly from the pen of this former arch-Radical. He will not on any account tread on the toes of his new friends and patrons, the English governors of Ireland, by embarrassing them with propositions for the release of the political captives! Mr. Davitt, who was once a prisoner himself, might have had more robust sympathy than he seems to have with these incarcerated men. Michael, the member of parliament, is decidedly not a political improvement on Michael the felon.

GLADSTONE'S rebuke of Irish parliamentary factiousness in the house of commons on Monday was timely and well deserved. Healy and Redmond should quit their nonsense and join forces for the common good.

Eleanor Kirk's Idea is forging ahead in New York journalism, and has already won recognition from the newspaper giants of the Atlantic metropolis. It abounds in spicy, crispy articles and deserves a place at every progressive American fireside. The price is only fifty cents a year, which is exceedingly cheap, considering what the publication, which is issued monthly, offers. The editor, Miss Eleanor Kirk, should be addressed at No. 698 Greene avenue, Brooklyn, or at No. 150 Nassau street, New York City. Don't fail to subscribe when you write.

MR. FRANK J. RYAN, of the Town of Lake, seems to be away ahead of all competitors for the office of supervisor. Mr. Ryan is an active young business man, of excellent education, and pleasing manners. It looks now as if he would have the nomination in spite of all opposition. If nominated, he will certainly be elected.

PUGILISM is still a factor in the faction campaign in Ireland. A week or two ago Mr. Pierce Mahony (Parnellite) dealt Mr. Matt Kenny (McCarthyite) a stunning blow or two between the eyes, in the corridors of the Four Courts, Dublin. It seems that this Mr. Kenny, who happens to be an M.P., had a few days previously referred in a public speech to Mr. Mahony's mother as "a Hindoo." Mr. Mahony at once resented the insult by having recourse to the *argumentum fisticum* already described. Mr. Kenny is one of the policical pupils of Tim Healy, who is acknowledged to be quite a master in the art of scurrility.

MR. BALFOUR, on Tuesday, made a bitter speech against Home Rule in the house of commons. He declared Mr. Gladstone's propositions "impracticable." According to such cruel, unprincipled wretches as Balfour, all English methods for Ireland are "impracticable," except bullets, bayonets, fetters and scaffolds.

THE announcement is made of the approaching marriage of Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy, to a young actress named Aida Jenoure, who figured with much success recently in "The Mountebanks." Mr. McCarthy was some years ago betrothed to the only daughter of J. L. Toole, but the death of that lady nipped his matrimonial aspirations in the bud just then. Justin, Jr., who used to belong to the Irish Parliamentary party, has lately forsworn politics in every shape and form, for the very good reason that he was quite unsuited for public life. He is now devoting himself almost exclusively to his profession as a playwright and theatrical critic of Mr. T. P. O'Connor's *Weekly Sun*. Mr. McCarthy is a well-dressed, low-sized, frail little gentleman, reminding one more of a Beau Brummel in miniature than of a literary Bohemian.

ANOTHER actress, Miss Brooks, the "Aladdin" of the Princess Theatre, Manchester, has become the wife of Mr. Thomas Curran, one of the members of the McCarthyite wing of the Irish Parliamentary party. Mr. Curran is an Irish-Australian whose father was at one time a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary, but emigrated to the antipodes, where by dint of hard work he amassed a considerable fortune. The younger Curran owes his seat in parliament to Mr. T. M. Healy, whose newspaper, the *National Press*, was at one time saved from financial ruin, thanks to the loan of a few thousand pounds sterling from the ex-policeman's son. Timothy's benefactor is, it may be added, the youngest member of the British house of commons.

THE loyal ladies of England have recently made a display of sickening flunkeyism at the foot of the throne. They have gone down on their marrow-bones before that tawdry piece of royal furniture, and begged of the little old lady who sits on it to extend her gracious patronage to the Anti-Crinoline League. Vic snubbed the kneeling deputation by refusing to have anything to do with the matter. So the hoopskirt bids fair to become the new fad of English fashionable society. Mrs. Wettin's gentleman tailor must have privately assured her that she would look a figure of æsthetic perfection arrayed in such a circular body-gear. Old age is telling on the poor lady.

JOHN DILLON, William O'Brien, Michael Davitt, John Redmond, Justin McCarthy, and nearly all the leading Irishmen on the other side, have declared in favor of Gladstone's new bill, with a few modifications. Well, gentlemen, now go ahead and pass it. We will do our best to help you to win.

MR. CLEVELAND has already publicly proclaimed his choice of four cabinet officers, W. Q. Gresham—lately a Republican—for the State Department; John G. Carlisle for the Treasury; Danny Lamont for War, and—hear it, ye gods!—Hoke Smith for the Interior. Hoke Smith! What a devil of a name! Thoroughly "Anglo-Saxon," too.

THE Misses Canada and Hawaii are throwing sheep's eyes at Uncle Sam. Sam would not object if they named the day. He feels they are getting lonely without him.

THE "Anglo-Saxons" out in Kansas, both Republicans and Populists, are having a monkey and parrot time, battering down state house doors with sledge hammers, setting up rival speakers and calling out the militia in preparation for a bloody riot. Now if this had occured in Dublin, and the actors were merely Celts, how the "Anglo-Saxon" Yankee papers would moralize on Irish incapacity for self-government.

SWINBURNE, the English poet, recently wrote an ode on the Columbian Exposition full of meaningless jargon, and characterized by the jingoism of the true blue Britisher. In this rhapsody England is called the "child of dawn," while America is alluded to as "the daughter and sister of England." There is, needless to observe, no such affinity existing between both countries. The United States are not Anglo-Saxon by origin: they are European. This cant about "H'old H'england" as the mother country of America is too revolting for the digestion of the healthiest of stomachs. Mr. Swinburne's ode will be treated by Chicago with the contempt it merits. Chicago needs moreover no English versifiers to glorify it. It has plenty of American poets to herald its praises.

THE Rev. T. S. Fitzgerald, S.J., delivered a lecture on "A Social Plague Spot" at the Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh streets, last Monday evening, Feb. 13.

SEVERAL leading Spanish politicians are inaugurating an agitation the object of which is to neutralize the Straits of Gibraltar. The statesmen of that peninsula might go farther and claim that rock-bound citadel as Spanish territory. It is Spanish by the law of nature. It has been made English by the law of robbery and of fraud.

THE czar can be brutally cruel when he likes. He has just issued a ukase ordering a celebration in warsaw of the anniversary of the partition of Poland. The poles are now expected to cheer and fling their hats sky-high, thanking God that they have such a master as Alexander. Poor Poland!

A NEPHEW of the illustrious '98 refugee, Napper Tandy, Mr. Henry Purdon Wilkinson, died recently at his residence, Friarstown House, county Limerick, in the 89th year of his age. The deceased was the son of a sister of Tandy's.

THE Shandon bells, once immortalized in the ringing lyric of Father Prout, have indeed fallen on evil days. Their glory evidently belongs to the past; for they have got decidedly into bad repute within the last few weeks—the prosaic inhabitants in their immediate vicinity having publicly protested against their unmusical clamor! The result of this protest has been that these once belauded chimes peal no longer "over the pleasant waters of the river Lee." Thus is exploded the poetic fiction of their silver melody. The bones of Prout must have turned with disgust under the mossy mould of Shandon's churchyard at such an insult to his memory.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"S. B." Prairie avenue, city—Your communication was received too late for insertion this week. All matter intended for insertion should be in this office not later than noon on Wednesday. We have said this at least a hundred times to no purpose. You will find one of your items inserted.

GLIMPSES OF MEXICO.

Obtained From the Note Book of a Traveling Correspondent.

Journeying by Stage From Aguas Calientes to Zacatecas—An Englishman Born in Cork.

Adventure With Mexican Robbers.

[*For The Citizen.*]

The next stage in our journey was the great mining district of Zacatecas, surrounding the city of that name, which we reached on the evening of March 13. Senor Muller laughed cheerily as we approached the place, saying gleefully that his servants and ambulance, drawn by six fast-going mules, with two in reserve, would meet us there, and with them we would pursue our route to Chihuahua. Zacatecas is situated amid hills, some of which have queer formations of rock, resembling a horses mane cut short and standing erect, on their crests. It boasted, even then, of a moderately comfortable hotel, and had the brisk air of a town peopled by a different race of beings than the Mexicans. The English mining syndicates appeared to have full possession of the place, and one of their supervisors, Mr. Armstrong, showed us every courtesy in his power. He took us into several of the mines and explained the whole business, saying that the ores of Mexico were among the most prolific in the world, but that, owing to the absence of coal, wood and rapid transportation, appliances were crude and production expensive. Engines, steam pumps and other heavy appliances could only be moved into the country at a ruinous cost. He predicted great things after the railroads would be established, and I hope his prophesy has come to pass. Among the curious things he showed us was an establishment in which the mining machinery, even to the smallest cogwheels, was constructed of wood! The ore was crushed by means of large boulders, operated by horses, and these latter, with mules as allies, attached to a kind of double capstan, such as the sailors use in weighing or dropping anchor, tread it out in large square receptacles, where it is mixed with quicksilver. The animals go round and round all day, but do not last long, as their hoofs become diseased by contact with the chemicals. This is called the patio process—simple but effective.

At one mine, worked on the "rat-hole" or zig-zag plan, with notched sticks for ladders, and the natives carrying the ore to the surface in gunny-sacks, Mr. Armstrong told us to take up each a handful of the material and crush it in our grasp. We did so, and the free silver held the mass together as if it were wax! The main trouble with the Mexican mines, our obliging guide remarked, was the early influx of water. After boring a hundred and fifty feet, the springs in the earth generally flooded out the galleries, and, as the pumping machinery was insufficient, the very richest portions of the leads had to be abandoned. Consequently, he said, the mining wealth of the country was but lightly skimmed. Plenty of cream still remained.

At the hotel, in the course of the evening, I was introduced to a middle sized, handsome man, Don Santiago Sullivan, who was then "spying out the land" for what is now known as the Mexican Central Railway. We got into conversation, and I found him a very interesting person. Born of a good family in the south of Ireland—Bandon, I think—he served in the English army in India, as a commissioned officer, and finally drifted to Mexico in quest of adventure and fortune, particularly the latter. I was surprised to find in him a most rabid Tory in politics—an Orangeman in sentiment if not in fact. He and I quarreled violently during the evening, and, in the morning, made it all up, as, socially, he was one of the best fellows in the world. Senor Muller, smiling superior at our mutual wrath of the preceding evening, denounced us as "a brace of wild Irishmen," but Santiago insisted he was an Englishman! Just fancy an Englishman, named Sullivan, born in Cork! I ought to have stated that Senor Sullivan told us orange juice taken, before eating in the morning, is the best known preventive of yellow fever. He had tried it in every country where the scourge is known, and, although hundreds died all around him, he never had a seizure, nor had any of his associates who followed his example. This hygienic hint may be useful to such readers as may have occasion to visit yellow fever districts in, or outside of, the tropics.

Senor Muller's servants were on time, and on a fine morning in the middle of March we said good bye to fair Zacetacas and pursued our northward course. Our conveyance was a handsome ambulance, of the pattern generally used by officers of the army, and the party consisted of the Mullers, an old Spaniard, named Don Joaquin, myself, and the two servants. Young Muller generally sat beside the driver on the box. Sometimes he drove himself and used to invite me to join him, which I frequently did, as the elevated position gave me a good view of the broken and rugged country through which we journeyed. The servants, on such occasions, used to ride behind the ambulance on the spare mules. It is hardly necessary to say that all of the party, except Don Joaquin, were well armed.

Our first stop, after leaving Zacetacas, was at Fresnillo, a considerable town with a good local trade. There was no accommodation at the fonda, so we were compelled to bivouac, and cook, in the courtyard, our supper, consisting of ham, bread, frijoles (red beans) baked and tortillas. Strong coffee was added to it later on. That night there was a fandango, or dance, at the fonda, and what with the screeching of fiddles, twanging of guitars and pounding of feet, sleep was difficult enough at best; but when these distractions were supplemented by millions of fleas, almost as voracious as the driver ants of Africa, Morpheus fled our wretched couches, and we were all right glad when 2 o'clock came and Senor Muller gave the word to prepare to move. This was easily said, but not so easily done. We looked around for the servants. They had disappeared. "The fandango!" said Senor Muller and started in pursuit. The culprits were soon overhauled and captured. After "enjoying" a very bad half hour, in which their irate master lavished upon them most of the sonorous maledictions wherewith the Spanish language abounds, we finally got adjusted and "under weigh." We pushed on that day through a country marked throughout most of its extent by groves of palm trees and gigantic growths of cacti, to a place called Salala, which does not call up any special pleasurable recollection, or the reverse. On the following evening we reached the dull old town of Rio Grande del Zacatecas, which lies right under the tropic of Cancer. The river from which it takes its name is a miserable apology for a stream in the dry season, but is filled with quicksand, and, in the rainy months, used to be a formidable obstacle to any but the most daring travelers. At this place a government officer called upon Senor Muller and warned him against the ladrones, remarking that many wayfarers had been killed and plundered on the main road of late. The Senor thanked the official, and, when he had left, said: "We'll steal a march on those rascals. At 11 o'clock we will be ready to start, and I'll take the mountain road, although in parts it is very dangerous. They won't expect me on that line."

Accordingly, at the appointed hour we were ready, but the night was intensely dark, and we were obliged to use lanterns in crossing the quicksand bottoms of the river, where two of our mules narrowly escaped being swallowed up. About fifteen miles north of Rio Grande we barely escaped going over a precipice, and we were obliged to get out of the ambulance, the road became so bad. Federigo Muller, who was equal to every emergency, stuck to the driver's box and piloted the mules and the vehicle safely through the danger. We "nooned" at a wretched pueblita, where, in order to escape the rays of the scorching sun, we took our siesta in a barn which was overrun with huge rats. One of the monsters ran right over my face. I did not tarry there long after that experience, but took a look at the dirty village and its inhabitants. In the distance, on the top of a lofty hill, I observed a shrine to some patron saint. Indian boys, wild and ragged, were playing handball against the gable end of a ruined dwelling. A squad of attenuated pigs were disporting themselves in an unhealthy looking cesspool in the middle of the street, and a couple of withered Mexican women, half naked, were kneading dough for tortillas (pancakes) at the thresholds of their filthy, mud built cabins. I think the name of this wretched place was El Fuerte.

At last, the day grew cool enough to permit us to proceed. We were on a sandy road which ran through chapparal (shrubbery) and with trails on both sides through the scrub-wood. Suddenly we observed an armed man, mounted on a strong, swift mule riding along the trail on our left. He was rather Spanish in appearance, and displayed his white teeth in a polite smile as he touched his wide sombrero and called out "Buenas dias Senores," to which we promptly responded. He soon disappeared, in the thicket, and some minutes later another armed man, on horseback, overtook and passed us; then still another. All saluted. Half an hour passed by, and a fourth cavalier overtook and outstripped us, just as we were about to enter a somewhat ugly defile between two mountain spurs.

Young Muller climbed down from beside the driver and took his Winchester from under the seat of the ambulance.

"Why, what's the matter, Fred?" demanded his father.

"I don't like the look of things," responded Fred. "The last of the three men that passed on horseback did it twice! I recognized him, although he had changed his hat and horse."

"Then, they must be ladrones," said Don Enrique. "Well, we must be ready for them."

He called to the servant in rear of the ambulance on the mule to close up, and keep a good lookout rearward. He bade me keep a lookout to the left while he would look after the right-hand of the road. "It's not the first time I had to fight in this country," said Senor Muller. "My boy up there can take care of that little gang by himself, if there are no more of them."

Old Don Joaquin, who had no other arms than a sword cane, said, in very excellent English, that he would do his part if it ever came hand-to-hand.

The bandits—for such no doubt they were—marked our preparations, and, doubtful of their strength, forebore to attack. We learned afterward that they expected Senor Muller, who always carried large sums of money with him, to take the main road at the usual hour in the morning. Most of their band lay in ambush along that route, and the party we saw were merely scouts of the main body. Senor Muller's strategy, in starting three hours earlier than they expected, and taking the difficult mountain trail, disarranged their plans. They waited in vain for several hours and finally sent out their reconnoitring squad. Before they could utilize their information, we had passed the dreaded defile, and halted for the day at the hacienda of La Honda, where we bivouacked that night. From the flat roof of a flour mill at that place, I beheld a most glorious sunset, and counted half a dozen dark blue ranges of mountains rising one above the other, and completely environing the valley. Apropos of the ladrones, I was told years afterward by a Mexican friend, who called upon me in Chicago, that, some days after our adventure, they attacked some ambuliances en route from Parral to the City of Mexico, looted them and killed some of the passengers. For this deed, they were pursued by the Federal soldiery, captured and shot to the last man, including, no doubt, the three worthies who had honored us with their polite salutations.

Up we rose from our warm bivouac at La Honda four hours before the dawn, and pursued our way toward a favorite stopping place called Chupadaro, fully seventy miles further north. There was a good natural road, and Senor Muller's mules, famed throughout that country for their "long trot," took us over the ground at an amazing pace. We made but a short halt at the noon hour—it was in front of a little cabin on the side of a mountain road, where the kindly Mexican peasant woman furnished us with goat's milk, for goats abound in all that region—and then gaily pursued our journey. Don Joaquin lighting up the way with sparkling reminiscences of his younger days at Fort Bliss (El Paso) where he was acquainted with Lieut. James Longstreet, since so famous as a rebel general, and many other personages well known to martial fame. The country was generally miserable in appearance—the sierras utterly barren, treeless and repulsive, and the plains, except in rare instances, dry and sterile. I observed very little cultivated land in that portion of Mexico, but flocks and herds became more numerous than they were in the more fertile districts we had left behind. Large bands of horses—mostly small—also abounded, and when we struck the soil of Durango we were in the favored nursery of the far-famed Mexican mule, noted for speed and endurance, not for weight or strength. The villages became very scarce, and such peasants as we met stared at us as if we were the product of some other planet suddenly placed upon this earth.

Shortly before we reached Chupadaro, a Mexican gentleman of Senor Muller's acquaintance, coming from some town near Durango, joined us. He had a servant profanely, as we would consider it, called "Haysoos"—a very common Christian name in Mexico—and about as ugly a specimen of the native American species as I ever encountered. However, he was amiable enough, and, as a cook, rather excelled Mr. Muller's retainers.

It was nearly sundown when we reached the farm of Chupadaro, where we went into camp—the farm-house being already full to the door. Don Federigo and I took Senor Muller's shotguns and went gunning for rabbits. We got a couple, and they helped to freshen up our evening meal. Our Mexican friend gave us some good cigars. Senor Muller furnished brandy and tiquela caliente, and "Haysoss" brewed the punch, which was excellent and, in fact, double-shotted. We were soon lulled to sleep by these hospitable influences, and, doubtless, I would have dreamed on until the customary waking time only that I was aroused by a tremendous rumbling of wheels, cracking of whips and lowing of oxen. A long, bull train hove in sight through the evening gloom, formed in a huge circle, and went into "park." A great fire was kindled in the centre, and several smaller cooking fires around it. There were Mexican men and women in the party, and, of course, a legion of dogs. They kept up a very vigorous racket, so, being only partially undressed, I resumed my coat and boots and determined to watch the proceedings. Senor Muller followed my example, and we each lit a cigar. After supper, the Mexicans organized a fandango, and danced right merrily beneath the midnight stars, their dark features and gleaming eyes, lit up by the glare of the watch fire, while violin and guitar furnished music foreign to my ear.

"Is this kind of thing customary with these people?" I inquired of Senor Muller.

"No," he replied, "they must be celebrating a saint's festival. I'll ask them." He did so, and the wagon-master replied:

"Si. Senor—San Patricio!"

It was the 17th of March, sacred to all Irishmen, and I, having lost track of dates, was reminded of the anniversary of the able saint who banished snakes and toads from my native land, and planted the light of Christianity there, by a band of Mexican peasants on the remote plains of Chupadaro!

Finally even the Mexican passion for dancing subsided, and all hands ranged themselves in a circle around the big fire. A handsome senorita—Senor Muller having industriously proclaimed my previous nationality—advanced toward me, holding a small pitcher filled with some native concoction in her hand. Don Federigo, the young rogue, said to me in English, "Drain it right down or you will offend her."

I followed his advice and thought I had swallowed distilled brimstone. When the effects—the immediate effects—passed away I looked around to find Federigo, and chastise him, but he had prudently disappeared.

We slept no more that night, and next day, at noon, we reached a village called Cerro Santiago, which had been the theatre of an Indian massacre in 1848, and from which it had never recovered. The savages came in the night, killed all the men, old women and children and carried the young women into a horrible captivity. They were the accursed Mescallaro Apaches, since almost exterminated by our troops under Gen. R. S. Mackenzie, and the Mexican forces under Gen. Falcone. J. F. F.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed. Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars; free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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MRS. CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The Rev. M. O'Sullivan, treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, desires to acknowledge the following subscriptions:

Previously acknowledged	$1,147 40
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All checks and orders should be made payable to the treasurer, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ills.

There is no claim made for Ayer's Sarsaparilla which cannot be endorsed by scores of testimonials. This fact plainly proves that the blood is the source of most disorders and that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best of blood-purifiers. Try it this month.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

LOVE.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

When the earth sprang forth from chaos
at the great God's good command,
It blossomed the first and fairest of flowers that decked the land—
Perfuming the soul of Adam as he won
Eve's lily hand.

Long ages have seen its glory; the poets
its praises tell—
The human race from pole to pole finds
life in its magic spell,
And its music charms the human heart
like that of a silver bell!

And yet it has wrought sad grief despite
its record of joy,
It has shed the blood of myriad men,
though it be demure and coy,
From the days when Paris wheedled the
Greek's frail wife to Troy.

Still it makes of a man a hero; and woman
is wondrous fair
When it lies enshrined in her deep blue
eyes, and halos her beauteous hair—
Oh, wherever it shines the sunlight glows
in brilliant lustre there!

It binds the father and mother in the
sweetest of living chains,
It binds their children's hearts to theirs
in pleasures and in pains—
Oh, the earth will never be desolate as
long as its bloom remains!

So sing of it ever and evermore, ye birds
in each trysting grove!
And chant its praises for ever and e'er,
ye white-winged angels above;
For love is the soul of the universe—the
world revolves on love!

OBITUARY.

MRS P. M. HAVERTY.

With sincere regret we record, this week, the death, from heart-failure, of Mrs. Mary Haverty, wife of Major P. M. Haverty, which occurred on Thursday morning, February 2d at her residence, 258 West 20th street, in this city. The deceased lady—who was born in Dublin, of a family descended from the O'Donnell's and O'Neills, who, in the time of the "Confederation of Kilkenny," had endeavored to unite the people of Ireland in one homogeneous effort for the emancipation of their country from English domination—was well known to many of the older Irish element of New York. When the late Father Kelly—brother of Mr. Eugene Kelly, the banker—established the first Catholic school in Jersey City, Mrs. Haverty—then Miss McShane—was his first assistant. A lady of high accomplishments and a skilled musician, she never hesitated to give the aid of her talents wherever they could be applied in the furtherance of the extension of the faith of her ancestors; and the esteem in which she was held by those who knew her was attested by the large congregation which attended at the mass of requiem which was solemnized for the repose of her soul, on Saturday, at the church of St. Columba, West 25th street. At the conclusion of the sacred services, the remains of the deceased lady were conveyed for interment to Calvary cemetery, attended by a large cortege of mourning friends. May she rest in eternal peace.—*Irish-American, N. Y., Feb. 4.*

The gallant and genial Major has THE CITIZEN's unfeigned sympathy in his irreparable affliction.

MR. PATRICK CROTTY.

On the 14th of January there died in the city of Limerick, Mr. Patrick Crotty, at the venerable age of 82 years. He was for over fifty years in the employment of the Limerick city council as Superintendent of Streets, and was rewarded for his long and faithful services by a pension. He has three sons in this city—Messrs. Thomas, Maurice, and Daniel Crotty. He was on a visit to this city several years ago, and it was his desire to spend his few declining years among his children. But Providence ordained otherwise, for when his daughter, Mrs. Charles Boland, went over to Limerick last summer to escort him here, he was in too feeble a state of health to undertake the long journey, and she had to return home in the hope that he would have been able to come this year. The funeral took place on the 6th ult., from St. John's Cathedral, where the requiem mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Griffin, to the cemetery of St. Lawrence. The hearse was followed by a large concourse of sorrowing friends, as well as several of his old fellow-employers of the Limerick city council.

His brother, Mr. Thomas Crotty, of Washtenaw avenue, has been a resident of Chicago for forty-five years, and he has two sisters also for many years resident in this city, Mrs. Hanna Griffin, of Hermitage avenue, and Mrs. Mary Halpin, of California avenue.

MISS KATIE P. KEENAN.

Miss Katie P. Keenan, a most amiable, gifted and popular young lady, died very unexpectedly at her residence, No. 51 North California avenue, on the 7th inst. The lamented deceased had attended mass the Sunday preceding her death, and, while engaged in her devotions, felt a congestive chill come upon her. She hurried home, medical science was called in, but she succumbed to the disease within forty-eight hours after her first seizure. Her mother and three surviving sisters are distracted with grief at their great loss. The funeral occurred on the 10th inst. from the residence to St. Matthews church. High mass of requiem was celebrated by the Rev. Father McGrath, assisted by the Rev. Father Dennison of the parish of St. Rose of Lima, and another clergyman. The funeral discourse was preached by Father McGrath, who did ample justice to the many noble characteristics of the departed lady. Born in the province of Ulster, Ireland, she had left her native land in childhood, but had ever retained the sincerest love for it, and had done all that in her lay, during her short period on earth, to advance the cause of Irish liberty. Patriotism is a characteristic of the entire family. The attendance at the obsequies was very large, and the firm by which she was employed closed its place of business on the day of the funeral, out of respect to her memory. The interment was at Calvary cemetery. THE CITIZEN extends to Mrs. and the Misses Keenan its respectful sympathy in their bereavement.

MRS. N. D. LAUGHLIN.

The very large circle of friends among people of all elements in this city and througout the country, who esteem Mr. N. D. Laughlin, manager of Gore's European hotel, were much pained to learn of the death of his amiable bride, nee Miss Babe McDonald, which occurred on Friday of last week, after a brief illness. The young couple had been married less than a year, and death entered their home at the moment when they were happiest, and when the expectation of a long and prosperous life together was highest. Truly in the midst of life are all of us in death, for the grim destroyer has no consideration for time or circumstances—all that is mortal journeys heartbeat by heartbeat to the grave. The affliction that has come so suddenly—so unexpectedly—on Mr. Laughlin is a common one in this world of trials and sorrows, but its occurrence is none the less bitter on that account. To have the light of the heart and home cruelly quenched, and the hopes built on a foundation of domestic love rudely shattered, at the very outset of married life, are, indeed, visitations that require the utmost exertion of Christian fortitude to bear up against. If the sympathy of devoted friends can bring consolation in such a season of trial, Mr. Laughlin has it unstintedly, because his urbane manners and manly principles have endeared him to all who have the privilege of his friendship or the pleasure of his acquaintance. The funeral services occurred on Saturday morning, from the residence to St. Patrick's church, where high mass of requiem was offered up. The sacred edifice was thronged with mourners, and the funeral discourse pronounced by the reverend pastor was listened to with emotion. At the conclusion of the religious services the remains were reconveyed to the hearse, and an immense cortege attended them on their sad journey to Calvary cemetery, where they were interred. Requiescat in pace.

MRS. NEWTON MACMILLAN.

The funeral of Mrs. Newton Macmillan, the young wife of the editor of the Chicago *Evening Post*, who died on Saturday, Feb. 11, was held from the residence, 1924 Michigan avenue, at 1:30 o'clock Monday afternoon. Many friends of the bereaved husband were present to extend their sympathy in the hour of affliction. Among these was a delegation from the Press Club and one from the Forty Club. Rev. George F. Wright, of the Cathedral SS. Peter and Paul, preached the funeral sermon. The pall-bearers were: W. T. Hall, M. B. Gibbs, John J. Lane, Barrett Eastman, F. P. Dunne, Charles Faye.

After the service the remains were taken to Ann Arbor, Mich., for interment.

Irish-American Council.

There will be a meeting of the Irish American Council, Sunday, Feb. 19, at Fitzgerald's Hall, Halsted and Adams streets, at 2 o'clock sharp, to make arrangements for the 17th of March. Societies are requested to send three delegates. JOHN FOLEY, Pres.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities, St. Paul and Minneapolis. They know nothing, beyond hearsay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to fine bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

HYMENEAL.

SHANLEY-M'NICHOLAS.

The marriage of Miss Sadie Irene McNicholas to Walter S. Shanley, both residents of St. John's parish, took place in St. John's church last Wednesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, Rev. Father Hackett officiating. The ceremony was witnessed by a large number of friends and acquaintances of the young couple. Miss Nellie Tansey acted as bridesmaid, and W. J. Hally as groomsman. A few of the most intimate friends were pleasantly entertained at the home of the bride's mother. Many beautiful and costly present were bestowed upon the bride. May their wedded life be a happy one, is the wish of all who know them.

NEW AMERICAN STEAMSHIP LINE.

With the inauguration of the new American Line service between New York and Southampton in February, the favorite steamships "City of New York" and "City of Paris" will be transferred to the American flag, in accordance with the Act of Congres, and the old trade name of Inman Line will be dropped from this express service. The words "City of" will also be dropped from the names of the steamships, and hereafter they will be known as the "New York," "Paris," "Berlin," "Chester." The American Line has adopted as its house flag the American Eagle in blue on a white flag.

Two new twin screw steamships of somewhat larger tonnage than the "New York" and "Paris" are already under contract with the William Cramp & Sons Ship & Engine Building Company, of Philadelphia, and plans are nearly completed for three more, and when this fleet is afloat the International Navigation Company will have a bi-weekly service of twin screw unsinkable steamships sailing from New York—one departure for Southampton direct—and one for Antwerp, calling at Southampton and Boulogne, thus fulfilling its contract with the United States government for carrying the mails. All the steamers will be under the American flag. These steamships will all be twin screw, engines of the latest type, 20-knot speed, as required by law, and like the "New York" and "Paris," so subdivided as to be unsinkable. They will be luxuriously fitted up and supplied with every modern improvement and convenience to secure the safety and comfort of the passengers. These steamships will also be built so as to be readily converted into government cruisers and capable of carrying the armament required by law. They will be of the highest rating known to maritime commerce. Their speed and very great coal endurance will make them an invaluable auxiliary to the National navy, and without any other cost to the government than the moderate pay allowed by the law for carrying the mails, this fleet will always be at the service of the government and in immediate readiness in case of need.

THE EMMET CELEBRATION,

The Irish Nationalists of Chicago will celebrate the 115th anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet at Central Music hall, on Saturday evening, March 4. The opening address will be delivered by the Rev. Wm. Finn, and there will be vocal and instrumental music and recitations by Misses M. L. Duggan, Julia O'Callaghan, Teresa Gavin, Mary Rice, Nellie T. Cahill, Maynard and Messrs. William Looney, James O'Connor, E. M. Cummings, J. J. Phelan, R. E. Hardy, D. B. Crysdale, Murphy, John Drumny, Thomas Moore, and Owen Ahern. The oration of the night will be delivered by the Hon. John Gibbons, one of the ablest members of the Chicago bar.

CATHOLIC LIBRARY CELEBRATION.

Washington's birthday will be celebrated by the Union Catholic Library Association on the evening of Feb. 22 at Kimball hall. There will be a rare treat of vocal and instrumental music, which will be presented by such talented artists as Misses Kate Hyland, Rose Koch, Lilly Roemheld, Alice Coffey, Kate Coffey, Anna C. Manning and Messrs. John Lane O'Conner, Frank G. Rohner and Mark Kelley. The address on Washington will be delivered by the Rev. Father J. P. Dore, of the Cathedral parish.

IMPORTANT.

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100 COUNTY BUILDING

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss. Superior Court of Cook County, ... Term, A. D. 1893. ... Catharine ... No. 145,107 ... Catharine ... filed cause ... of the Clerk ... hereby given ... that the above ... filed his ... chancery ... the person ... above named ... day of ... County ... go ... Monday of ... February ... which ... JOHN C. RIFFIN, Clerk.

James McEnerny, Complt's Sol'r.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"No, my dear lady, thank you. You are an excellent hostess, but pray do not press me—nothing would induce me to have a fire in my bedroom."

"But, general, it is so chilly"——

"I would rather put up with the frosts of Siberia than with the associations which a fire in my bedroom would recall," replied the general, cutting his hostess short. "But," he continued, "there is a story connected with my whim which may amuse your party here, and I will atone for my obstinate rudeness by telling it tomorrow after dinner."

General Garthwaite was a distinguished soldier who had arrived at Downshire Hall for the Christmas festivities. When it got about among the other guests that he was to relate an adventure on the following evening, much interest was evoked, and it was to an attentive audience that he began as follows:

"Twenty years ago I made the long railway journey from London to Yorkshire on an important errand, which consisted, neither more nor less, of getting myself married to the eldest daughter of the rector of Huntingwold. I had been engaged to Mary Maitland for nearly a year, but as our meeting and courtship had taken place while the Maitland family were staying for a season in town, this was my first visit to the Yorkshire village. I may as well say at the outset that there had been no hitch in the preliminaries. It was a marriage entirely of mutual affection; my prospects were promising, and both the Maitland and Garthwaite families gave a hearty approval to the arrangement. My mother and two sisters were already at Huntingwold rectory for the wedding, and my brother Harold traveled down with me for the purpose of acting as 'best man.'

"We arrived at the rectory in the fast closing dusk of late afternoon to be welcomed by a merry party assembled for the ceremony of the morrow. When the first greetings were over, I turned and saw that the flyman was bringing my luggage into the hall—a goodly number of packages, seeing that we were going to the Mediterranean for our honeymoon.

"'Stay a moment,' said Mrs. Maitland, noticing the man at the same time. 'Let him bring in the bulk of the things by all means, but you had better separate what you will want for the night and tomorrow morning. Etiquette forces me to make a stranger of you tonight, and so Lugard of the Grange has very kindly offered to give you a bed.'

"I had foreseen that I should have to sleep under some other roof the night before the wedding and had made my packing arrangements accordingly. I pointed out a portmanteau which contained my immediate requirements, and the flyman received instructions to take it on to the Grange, which was about a quarter of a mile from the rectory.

"'Mr. Lugard is to dine here this evening,' Mr. Maitland explained, 'and will take you back with him.'

"'And who is Mr. Lugard?' I asked, moved by a natural curiosity to know something more of the hospitably inclined stranger.

"'Haven't you ever heard of Lugard?' replied my prospective father-in-law. 'Why, he's the best known man in these parts—squire, magistrate, master of foxhounds and feudal chieftain generally. It's a wonder Mary has never mentioned him to you. Lugard is part and parcel of our daily life in this dull place.'

"'Mary is rather shy on the subject, I expect, father,' said Fred Maitland, an irrepressible youth of 16. 'If I'm not mistaken, there was a time when Dexter Lugard hoped to stand in the shoes which are certain to fit Leonard Garthwaite so nicely tomorrow.'

"Mary, who was standing by, blushed nervously at this sally, and then the subject dropped amid a clatter of general conversation. But later, when I found myself alone with my fiancee, I asked her playfully what Fred had meant by his oracular utterance.

"'Oh,' she replied frankly, 'it's an old story now and certainly not worth retelling, but Fred's impertinent remark may have had a spice of truth in it. Mr. Lugard paid me a certain amount of attention a year or two ago, till I nipped him in the bud.'

"'You don't like him, then?' I asked.

"'It would be treason to say no,' returned Mary. 'Every one likes Dexter Lugard. He is a perfect paragon of excellence and all that is charming, but—but—you understand.'

"'I understand that he was a little too charming to captivate your affections, dearest,' I answered. 'But, tell me, has he quite got over his disappointment?'

"'Long ago,' replied Mary. 'Why, he was one of the first to congratulate me on my engagement to you, and he has given me the handsomest of all my wedding presents—a pearl necklace worth no one knows how much. He is very anxious to make your acquaintance, and he stipulated over a month ago that he was to have the honor of entertaining the bridegroom at the Grange.'

"Mary's explanations were more than satisfactory and quite dispelled any idea that I had a disappointed rival in my host. At any rate Mr. Lugard had had the good sense to take his disappointment in good part and would doubtless, if he had not done so already, console himself elsewhere.

"We were all assembled in the rectory drawing room before dinner when Mr. Lugard was announced. He was a tall, handsome man about 5 and 30, and he entered the room with the air of one who feels that his welcome is assured. Mrs. Maitland rose smilingly to greet him, and the younger members of the family crowded round him so effusively as to impede his progress toward the spot where I was standing. The moment he had passed the doorway I noticed that his eyes roved round the company as if searching for some one, finally to settle on me, but never once did his glance lose the hearty gayety, never once did his attention appear to wander from the pleasant greetings of his friends. Dexter Lugard must have held the record for smiling.

"At length Mrs. Maitland managed to extricate him and effected the introduction which numbered me among the acquaintances of the squire of the Grange. In all truth, he seemed to have a heart large enough to embrace the whole world in friendship—even one who had distanced him for a prize the loss of which might well have rankled. But in Lugard's manner there was not so much as a trace of that chastened interest which defeated rivals of the mildest natures cannot help feeling toward the successful swain. He beamed on me as he beamed on everybody, congratulated me cheerily, looking me straight in the face the while, and said what pleasure it gave him to put me up for the night. In three minutes I was just as much drawn toward him as all the rest were, and found myself wondering how it was that Mary had passed such a good fellow by to bestow herself on such a commonplace individual as Leonard Garthwaite.

"It is not necessary that I should describe the dinner party at Huntingwold rectory on the eve of my wedding day. It passed off just as other dinners do on similar occasions, with plenty of merriment, and perhaps here and there a touch of veiled sadness on the part of those who were to be separated on the morrow for the first time in their lives. Dexter Lugard sat next my eldest sister, and while in no way neglecting his charge, contrived to keep the whole table amused. Afterward there was the usual half hour with the lawyers, a little music in the drawing room, a quiet good night to Mary, and then Lugard and I took our departure amid a volley of 'pleasant dreams' and warnings 'not to forget the ring' from the crowd at the rectory gate.

"A few hundred yards along the high road we turned into the park that surrounded the Grange. My host was one of those men with whom it was second nature to walk arm in arm with an acquaintance of an hour's standing, and it was in this fashion that we strolled along a well kept drive toward a great rambling house shining white in the moonlight against a dark background of lofty elms. Lugard chatted gayly all the way, regretting that he had not known me during my bachelor days and expressing the hope that as an old friend of my wife's family he should see more of me in the future. There was no resisting his frank cordiality, and by the time we had reached the house I had given and and he had accepted an invitation to call on us in London on our return from the honeymoon.

"'Come in here,' said Lugard, leading the way into a cozy smoking room on the ground floor; 'we may as well have just one "nightcap" and a cigar before we turn in.'

"I threw myself into an armchair, and he began to busy himself with the spirit case and cigar boxes, which he took from an old oak cabinet that stood on the right hand side of the fireplace. During the few seconds that the door of the cabinet was open I noticed on the bottom shelf one of those iron bowls or braziers used by traveling tinkers for heating their tools and by gypsies for cooking their dinners. I had heard that Lugard was a great sportsman—indeed the guns and trophies on the walls of his den testified to that—and the thought crossed me that the brazier was for use on his camping out expeditions. This train of ideas was put out of my head by Lugard offering me a cigar, and for the time the iron bowl so carefully preserved in the oak cabinet passed from my mind.

"We spent half an hour in chatting and smoking, and then Lugard rose to show me the way to the bedroom. He led the way up a broad staircase to the first floor, passed down a long corridor, and finally opened a door at the extreme end of the house.

"'Welcome to the guestroom of the Grange!' said my host, standing aside to let me enter. 'A great many celebrated people have used this chamber since Queen Elizabeth slept here 300 years ago; but, believe me, not one of them has given so much pleasure to the Lugard of the day as the man who is going to wed my old friend, Mary Maitland, tomorrow.'

"The room was in every respect worthy to be the guest chamber of a historic mansion. It was of great size, with four lofty windows, two each on opposite sides of the room. There was a fireplace, consisting of a large open grate guarded by fantastic griffins of wrought brass, which, though devoid of fire now, owned to capabilities for accommodating a full size yule log if necessary. But on closer inspection there seemed to be something peculiar about the room so far as its character as a great chamber was concerned. It bore traces of having been only recently and somewhat scantily furnished as a bedroom. There was a small open bedstead facing the fireplace, a washstand and dressing table, a chair or two—and that was all. But round the walls were settees and lounges raised on permanent staging; there was a large glass skylight in the roof, sundry marks on the walls showed signs of fixtures having been removed, while a pile of lumber pushed into a corner looked uncommonly like a billiard table taken to pieces.

"'Surely,' I exclaimed, 'this has been used as a billiard room. I trust you have not dismantled it for me.'

"Was it the flicker of the candle he carried, or was I right in supposing that a shade of anxiety passed over Lugard's beaming countenance for a moment? Whatever it was, it was gone before I could decide.

"'I had hoped you would be too sleepy to notice it,' he answered.

"'Yes, this is my billiard room when there is no occasion for it to revert to its original use as a guest chamber. Of course there are plenty of other bedrooms in the house, but it is a tradition of the Grange that the guest chamber is always at the disposal of any one whom its master may delight to honor. Now I will say good night and leave you. You shall be called in plenty of time in the morning.'

"He turned to go, but paused on the threshold as an afterthought seemed to strike him.

"'By the way,' he said, wheeling round, 'you had better turn the key in the lock. I have a footman who walks in his sleep, and, though it is not likely, he might pay you a visit. I only found it out the other day, and I couldn't find it in my heart to send the fellow away at a moment's notice. Good night once more, and sound be your slumbers.'

"What a good natured, genial man the squire was, I thought, as I obeyed his injunction and locked the door upon his retreating figure—a trifle eccentric, perhaps, as witness his turning the billiard room inside out in order to preserve what he called the traditions of the Grange, and his curious allusion to the somnambulist footman, but his eccentricity was all in the right direction, and I looked forward to a better acquaintance with him quite eagerly.

"Thus meditating I made my brief preparations for the night. Before getting into bed I walked over to one of the windows for the purpose of opening it, according to my habit, but to my surprise I discovered that this was impossible, as it was fastened up tightly by means of strips of felt which were glued all around the grooves. On examination every window in the room proved to have been similarly treated, and then I remembered the skylight in the roof. Doubtless the drafts had caused the squire to stop up the windows and the room was ventilated through the glazed aperture in the ceiling. But here again I was foiled in my endeavors to procure fresh air. The skylight was not only tightly closed, but the cord used for opening it had been broken off short far beyond my reach. There it dangled, high up near the ceiling, a silent witness to the neglect of one of my host's servants.

"However, it is not for a guest to grumble at a trifle when his comfort is studied in every other respect, and I soon consoled myself with the fact that the chimney to such a fireplace must be wide enough to let in any amount of fresh air. Bending my head clear of the massive mantelpiece, I looked up and saw that at the end of the broad shaft quite a large circle of starlit sky was visible, while a cold blast struck downward of sufficient volume to purify the atmosphere of the room. Satisfied with this, I extinguished the lights and got into bed.

"I have been told by many people that they have been unable to sleep on the night before their wedding day, but I was never a nervous person, and this was certainly not my experience. The long railway journey and the pleasant excitement of the evening had combined to tire me, and I fell asleep 10 minutes after my head touched the pillow.

"I must have been slumbering peacefully for some hours when I felt myself gradually awakening—not from any sudden start, but from a growing sense of strange oppression which seemed to affect my breathing. As my senses returned to me the choking sensation at my chest and throat increased, and finally I found myself wide awake wondering what was the matter. Every minute it became harder to breathe; the air of the room seemed stifling. I flung the bedclothes from me in the hope of relief, and in doing so saw something so unaccountable—so apparently impossible—that my reeling senses were stricken with amazement.

"There was a fire in the grate! Glowing steadily in the cavernous recess of the ancient fireplace a great red ball of fire burned without flicker and without flame, but lurid with the unwavering light that comes from fuel fused to an intense heat. Even without the terrible feeling of oppression at my chest there would have been something weird and uncanny about this mysterious fire introduced into my room at the dead of night—into a room with locked door and hermetically sealed windows—but what could this ghastly struggle for breath portend? Was I the victim of an accident or of some devilish plot? I tried to rise, but the deadly fumes pouring into the room from the fireplace overmastered me. I fell back exhausted on the pillow, gasping for air and powerless to cry for help that should remove the subtle influence which was filling my lungs with poison and my heart with fear that my time had come.

"A dull stupor was beginning to steal over my brain, and the power of thought was fast leaving me when a rasping, clutching, scraping sound on the roof overhead caught my attention. Before my half benumbed senses could analyze the sound, it grew into a clattering rush, followed by a crash as the skylight splintered into fragments and a heavy body came whirling through it to fall with a dull thud on the floor and there lie motionless. In a second the weight from my lungs was lifted, the keen night air rushed in through the broken skylight with reviving freshness, the deadly fumes escaped through the outlet, and I knew that I was saved.

"But what of that heap lying huddled up and deathly still a few yards from the bed? The glow in the grate burned on, but it did not give sufficient light to distinguish objects by. It was the work of a moment to strike a match and read the whole story at a glance—a story which scarcely needed corroboration by the after discoveries brought to light. Dexter Lugard lay there with his neck broken, having literally overreached himself in the execution of a fell design upon the life of a successful rival. What that design was was made only too clear by the charcoal brazier and iron chain let down the broad chimney specially selected for the purpose, by the wet blanket that was found stuffed into the top of the chimney, and by the felt sealed windows.

"Had it not been for the false step which precipitated Lugard through the skylight I should have 'died in my sleep' without a trace of foul play, for the false story of the somnambulist footman was evidently concocted to cause me to lock the door, and so prevent suspicion of my room having been entered.

"Mary and I were married at the appointed time, but the wedding was a quiet one, marked by more awestruck faces than by smiles, and though my nerves are still unshaken I have never got over the events of that night sufficiently to stand a fire in my bedroom."
—Million.

ONE KIND OF A BEAT.

HE HAUNTS HOTELS AND COOLLY TAKES MANY PRIVILEGES.

How He Develops From a Telephone User to a Full Fledged Guest Through Interesting Stages—A Type of Beggar That Is Hard to Put Down.

"Among the peculiar animals that infest large cities," said the clerk at one of the big hotels this morning, "is the hotel beat. He is a product of large towns and grows and fattens with the liberality of the landlords. He enjoys all the privileges of guests except that of sleeping in one of the beds and getting regular meals, yet he never pays a cent for the accommodations, and although he invariably gets ousted he is cheerful and transfers his patronage to some other hotel.

"No, I don't refer to the man who beats his board bill. The man I speak of never registers. He is a type. In his milder form he is a neighboring business man or attorney who finds it inconvenient to have a telephone put up in his office, and so uses ours regularly. That is a little thing, and we don't mind it much, but the idea grows on some men.

"From using our telephone, most of them drift up against the water cooler, especially in hot weather. That is all right, too, but from the water cooler the way is short to the toilet rooms. The novice will be modest in his use of the toilet rooms and deal slightly with the towels, wiping on those that hang up. But as the days progress, and the novelty of the thing wears away, most of them get bolder and help themselves to the clean towels on the shelves. Some hotels have porters in the toilet rooms who advance and give every man who enters a whisking.

"This is supposed to make the beats feel ashamed and extract a tip at least. But does it? Bless you, no. The beat is one of the most graceful posers for the broom man, and it is so commonplace to thank the porter he does not do it. Pay for getting his boots blacked? Well, that shows that you don't know the beat. He blacks his own, with the porter's apparatus of course, but he stoops to the manual labor, as he knows that even the guests pay for having their boots shined. The coolness with which he borrows the brushes is worth the price of a shine. At first he takes only the brush, but he swiftly reaches the point of taking all the blacking he can use.

"Bless you, no, he does not stop at blacking his shoes! If that were all, we could forgive him. Having put his person into good trim he feels like writing a letter. Do you know that there are fellows living at cheap boarding houses who write all their letters at first class hotels, and thus give their friends at a distance the idea that they live there? Yes, it is even so, and some of them go so far as to have their mail addressed here. At first these fellows slide quietly into the writing room and use what chance supply of paper and envelopes they find there, but as the the novelty wears off they do not hesitate to come to the desk and ask for paper. Yes, and occasionally a beat will object to the quality of the paper.

"Oh, yes, when he gets to that point he is almost graduated from that particular hotel, but he takes a few more degrees. Often he has made the clerk feel ashamed for giving out such poor stationery. He takes a loaf into the parlor, where after awhile he will occasionally have his friends from the country call and wait for him.

"No, that is not the last course. His last dealings with the hotel are through the dining room. Few ever get to this stage, however, but that makes it all the better for the few who are blessed with such a superabundance of impudence. They have but little competition.

"Having become thoroughly accustomed to the usages of the hotel, the beat rides up the elevator to a room he knows to be empty. The elevator boy of course does not watch him as he walks briskly through the hall several times and then summons the cab and descends to the dining room floor. Seeing him come down stairs from the elevator the doorkeeper returns the gracious smile with which he pays for his meal and lets him pass unhindered. Once in, he goes through the bill of fare in the most approved style.

"He seldom tries to get more than a meal at long intervals, for he invariably gets caught after he has eaten five or six meals. Then, knowing his character and how useless it would be to sue him for the price of the meals, we simply conduct him to the entrance and have a stout porter kick him from the threshold. Then we rest contented till some other sharper makes a sucker of us.

"No, you can't rank the beat with the hotel swindler. This latter man gets accommodations under false pretenses and runs the risk of going to jail. There is something manly about that, but the beat runs no risk of jail. He simply does whatever we will let him do, and if he beats us we alone are to blame and must bear the loss."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

How to Kill Flies.

When flies become troublesome in a house or room, they can always be expelled by a very simple mixture. A half teaspoonful of black pepper, finely ground, should be mixed with double the quantity of brown sugar, and the compound to be moistened with cream. The flies will generally eat greedily of this mixture if placed where they can easily reach it, but it will be their last meal, for the least taste of it is to a fly rank poison. If watched, they will often be seen to drop dead within a few feet of the plate which they have just left, and some of the healthiest eaters do not live to leave the plate.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Colors For Bedrooms.

For boudoirs and bedrooms self tones of the softer shades, such as pale red, pale green and so on, are appropriate, enlivened with gold or silver or their complimentary tones in small masses.—Decorator and Furnisher.

The Memory of Villains.

Although the world is said to know nothing of its greatest men, it has always had an unaccountable and it would seem invincible propensity for retaining remembrance of the very worst specimens of humanity, and it is really questionable whether the laurel of the conqueror and the bays of the poet are, in the long run, quite so certain of enduring fame as the halters which have strangled the most notorious of scoundrels. The French have not forgotten those old time villains Cartouche and Mandrin, while in England Dick Turpin and his apocryphal ride to York have not passed from the public memory.

The exploits of Jack Sheppard as a burglar and prison breaker turn up from time to time in the public prints, and it is an almost scandalous fact that quite modern fashionable dressmakers have devised a costume named after Claude Duval, a rascal in whose career there is not one single picturesque or romantic feature beyond the dubious story that he once refrained from stealing the jewels of a lady whose coach he had stopped on condition that she would alight from her equipage and dance a coranto with him. The varlet was a discharged footman of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and, taking the highway, was in due course of time caught, convicted and hanged at Tyburn. Yet somehow or another it seems next to the impossible to bury the memory of these and similar malefactors in oblivion.—Boston Herald.

Left In One Car In One Month.

A brown paper parcel of goodly proportions was turned in at the lost article bureau of the Wagner Palace Car company a few days ago, the contents of which give a fair idea of the kind of articles that the travelers on the rail leave behind them in their forgetfulness. The bundle aforesaid contained the collection of lost articles made by the conductor of one sleeping car for a month. The variety of articles thus accumulated was amusing as well as interesting. When the bundle was untied on the broad table in the lost article bureau, the first thing that rolled out was a silver handled shaving brush. There was no accompanying razor, the owner probably having remembered to put that useful instrument back in his satchel. A full set of false teeth nestled cosily in a cluster of false hair and a small copy of the Episcopal prayer book was jammed against a neat leather covered pocket flask. Of toothbrushes and hairbrushes and combs there were half a dozen each.

Other things in this odd collection included a baby's milk bottle, a pair of ladies' slippers, one patent leather shoe once worn by a man, a woolen undershirt, manicure set in Russia morocco case, two or three empty portmonnaies, and, most singular of all, a dainty little bonnet so attractive in form and color that it is a wonder how any woman could have forgotten it.—New York Times.

Hunting For an Old Man.

In the biography of Dr. Norman MacLeod there is an amusing account given of a visit he paid to one of the Western islands to see a man who was celebrated in the district for his great age. The doctor found an old man (we can only quote from memory) sitting on a bench outside the house and gave him the usual greeting, "I heard that you were a very wonderful old man, and I've come to see you." "It'll be my father you want to see," said the old man of the bench. So the visitor went inside, and there, sitting over the peats, was a very old man indeed, bent and doubled up, but still, for all that, with all his wits about him.

"Good day to you," said the good doctor. "I have heard about you, a very wonderful old man, and I've come to see you." Then he, too, declined the imputation and pointed with his stick to the "ben" of the house. "It'll be my faither you want to see," said this old man of the fireside. So there in the "ben" the original Simon Pure was discovered at last, a very, very ancient old man indeed, as may well be imagined.—Macmillan's Magazine.

A Scene In a Maine Town.

One of Caribou's popular young business men was in Buckfield recently with his bride, and when about leaving town, just before the train started, the bride discovered that she had left one of her wraps behind. A messenger was dispatched in haste to bring the garment, and the conductor very kindly held the train. The messenger arrived, and the conductor, impatiently waiting for the couple to enter the car, saw them start on a mission among their many relatives, and then remarked that unless his train started at once he would be obliged to claim a kiss from the bride. The happy young married married man heard the remark and hustled his bride on the car, while his relatives and many friends shook their handkerchiefs and hands as the door closed and the train pulled out from the station.—Aroostook (Me.) Republican.

Crow Quills Make the Best Pens.

A quill penmaker says that no pen will do as fine writing as the crow quill. It requires the assistance of a microscope to make a proper pen out of such a quill, but when made it is of wonderful delicacy. The microscopic writing told of in books of literary curiosities was all done with a crow quill. The steel pens of the present have very fine points, but somehow a finer point can be given to a quill than has ever been put on a steel pen, and for delicacy nothing can equal it.—New York Tribune.

An Instinctive Choice.

Uncle (to little Moses, aged 8)—Moses, as a reward for your diligence at school I will buy you a new book. What kind would you like?

Moses—Well, if I may choose, get me a savings bank book.—Exchange.

Its Usefulness Gone.

Mamma—Why don't you play with that clockwork elephant Santa Claus brought you?

Little Dick—It doesn't scare the cat any more.—Good News.

KIT CARSON IN ITS PRIME.

It Had Seven Thousand Hustling Citizens Where Now but a Hundred Remain.

"In 1870 you might have traveled 1,000 miles and not have found as lively a town as Kit Carson, Colo.," said Station Agent Billy Dunaway the other day as the Kansas Pacific train lingered before the station house at the now quiet little town on Big Sandy creek in eastern Colorado. "This was then the terminus of the Denver line of the Union Pacific, and you can just bet the camp was a hummer. There were over 7,000 people here, and a gayer crowd you never saw. The population was made up of railroad men, cowboys, mule skinners, gamblers and a preacher.

"The latter was sometimes lonely, but the 6,999 other people in camp were fairly sociable and managed to have a moderately good time, and everything ran wide open, and in the palmiest days of the camp there were 47 saloons, 7 dance halls, 2 theaters and all the other things necessary to the lubrication of existence in the gay and bounding west. For two years things were redhot, with fights, shooting matches and lynching bees nearly every night.

"Some of the old time engineers who were jerking steam over the line then say a regular daily news item in railway circles for awhile was to the effect that a man or two had been hung the night before to the bridge on the Sandy. The lynching of a man for murder was an unusual event, but dire vengeance was wreaked on the petty burglar, horse thief or other unprincipled offender who did not have the nerve to shoot, but sneaked around after dark to do his nefarious work. When dealing faro, the gamblers preserved peace and quietude in the game by wearing two 6-shooters silently swinging from their belts, and when in a game of 'stud' the pack was always secured from being blown away by one of these same free moral agents. Some stiff games were played in those days, and when a cowboy came in off the roundup, or when the freighters came in from a long trip off to Mexico and Arizona, or pay day on the line came along, money was stacked a foot high on the cloth.

"After the camp had been running in this way for two years the road was put on through to Denver, and the crowd followed. Where once you could see over 7,000 people there are now a hundred or so, and all that remains of the former glory of this namesake of old Kit Carson is the nameless barnyard you see up there on the hill, a lot of broken beer bottles and desertion."—Denver News.

A Disturber at a Rehearsal.

Julius Eichberg writes: "At the occasion of a musical festival in Dusseldorf I witnessed a scene that produced general and not unjustifiable excitement among those present. It was at the last rehearsal of Beethoven's ninth or choral symphony, and the great hall was filled with people from near and far anxious to hear the then but little known work. While the orchestra played the first movement we noticed a dark bearded, spectacled, middle aged man in the audience, who had a score before him and was gesticulating wildly, being evidently very much dissatisfied with the performance. Suddenly he arose, advanced toward the orchestra and began to shout:

"'This is all wrong. It was not thus that my immortal friend, Beethoven, wanted his masterpiece to be played You ought to play it much slower, and in this way.' He began to beat time vigorously to the astonished musicians, entirely ignoring Mendelssohn, who conducted the symphony. At this moment several people forcibly ejected the disturber from the hall. The man was the well known Professor Anton Schindler, Beethoven's constant friend during the last years of his life and the author of a 'Biography of the Master.'"—Boston Journal.

Leopard Shooting.

Mr. Simson writes thus: "I consider that exposure to a leopard on foot, with due precaution and a proper weapon, is only a fair sporting risk, and accidents must happen occasionally." Mr. Simson is certainly entitled to speak. He shot many leopards on foot; he was twice badly wounded by a leopard, but on one of these occasions a third leopard unexpectedly attacked him from behind, when he had already killed two others in the same patch of grass jungle.

Mr. Simson mentions that an old French gentleman whom he knew used to go about hunting for leopards with a nondescript sort of dog, half pariah and half spaniel. "When the dog smelled a leopard, he would cock his ears and point out from a respectful distance where the leopard lay. The Frenchman kept on peeping and peering about, wholly regardless of anything the leopard might do in the way of attack, till he could sight the animal. He then killed him almost to a certainty with a single shot."—Chambers' Journal.

Helping on a Good Cause.

Philanthropist—I am exerting myself in behalf of a worthy object, and my first thought was to come to you for assistance.

Scribe (the writer)—Well, sir, I am willing to assist by tongue or pen.

Philanthropist—We would be pleased to have you use your pen in our aid.

Scribe (flattered)—My services are at your command.

Philanthropist—Thank you, sir. Now please get your pen and affix your signature to this subscription paper, and you can pay the 5 guineas at your convenience.

Scribe (in changed tone)—Oh!—London Tit-Bits.

Wearing the Hair In Japan.

Japanese men and women in their own country are distinguished chiefly by their hair. The men shave the crown of the head, while the women not only allow all their own hair to grow, but frequently add to it by purchase. The hair is usually twisted and coiled in the most fantastic way. The higher a woman's rank the more elaborate is her coiffure.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE HADJI'S REST.

The hadji said, "If o'er my tomb
Should grasses wave and roses bloom,
And if with tears the spot should be
Sometimes bedewed for love of me,
My rest would be a blissful rest,
And I would count the hadji blest."
No roses dock the hadji's grave—
He sleeps beside a foreign wave—
And never woman's eye grows dim
In that strange land in thought of him;
And yet no doubt the hadji's rest
Is quite as sweet as if his breast
Were by a million roses pressed
And woman made his grave her quest.
—H. L. Spencer.

"UNC' P'TROOSHO."

"Wha' fo' dey calls me Petah P'troosho? Ain' yo' nebah year dat?

"Marse Gawge gub me dat name, down in Faginny, endu'in wah time. Marse Gawge gre't man ter gib we all noo names. I had mo'n 'leben, I guess, on'y P'troosho de on'y one 'sides Petah dat stick ter me. W'en Miss Alice gub me suit er Marse Gawge's clo'es, wid red necktie an plug hat, Marse Gawge he laff an say he gotter call me Boobrumm'l, and so he do fo' long time eb'ry day I dress up. Den, one time w'en I gwine to mill, de ol hosses dey git scart an run plumb ter mill an back ergin; an atter dat, eb'ry time Marse Gawge see me wid de bay team, he hollah, 'Hullo, Gilping!'

"Nodah time, w'en I bin fussin aroun in de garrit, I foun er ol muff, wha' ol miss done frow erway, an ax Miss Alice kin I hab 'm, case it jes' de ting w'en I hatter go set b' Pomp, de dribah, on col days w'en Marse Gawge an Miss Alice go dribin. Miss Alice she say I kin, so nex' col day, w'en dey hatter go ter Marse Willie's, I war de muff. 'N Marse Gawge, he seen 'm, an say: 'Hullo, Rushinbow! W'en you come f'm France?'

"But w'y he call me 'P'troosho? I dunno, 'zackly, but Marse Gawge do. He kin ter me one day, an say, 'Petah, whuffer yo' don' git merried ergin? Marse Gawge allus sayin tings right plumb out ter we all, jes' lak dat.

"An I say: 'Marse Gawge, I ain' speakin no names, but does yo' 'membah er suttin pusson dat am now gone erway f'm disher wale of teahs, an whatter mis'able tempah dat pusson had? An do yo' 'membah dat w'en dat suttin pusson was libin, folkses dat libed wid her gotter stan roun? No, sah, I doesn't caffer any mo', tank yo', Marse Gawge. 'Sides, I'ze ergettin too ol' fo' sich nonsensical tings.'

"Marse Gawge he laff. 'W'y Petah,' he say, 'yo' is on'y 'bout fifty. Yo' young man yit. Now, me 'n Miss Alice bin tinkin dat 'twould be nice ting ef Cl'rindy 'n you'all 'd git married. 'Twould sorter mek it mo' c'nveeniunt, an all dat.'

"I dunno whatter say ter dat. Dat Cl'rindy was lady lookin an right smaht, but she got jes' sich a tempah as I done had 'speriunce wid. So I look 't Marse Gawge an say: 'Mh! Golly, chile, dat niggah wuss'n de odah one I done menshun. How yo' spose I kin stan dat?'

"Marse Gawge he stop 'n tink fer w'ile. Den he say: 'Petah, I'ze 'feared yo' done let yerse'f be hainpeck'. Lemme tell yo', Petah, dat de on'y way ter be boss am ter 'sert yo'se'f an don' let no woman mek yer stan roun lak Aunt Debby done. Dey was er man oncet whar name was P'troosho, an he right smaht man. Well, dey merry him ter gal wha' got mo' tempah 'n er settin hen. My, she war tur'ble! So P'troosho, w'en he git all hitch, 'gin ter train dat 'oman.

"'Ef she git mad he git mad, too, 'r 'tend dat he is, an he jes' raise de ol Nick wuss'n her. Ef she say it col day, he say she lie, dat de day am mis'ably wahm. Of he don' lak he dinner he tek 'n frow it on de floh an bre'k de dishes. He hollah at dat 'oman an boss 'er roun an bullyrag twell dat 'oman don' know 'er name. By 'm' by she git so dat w'en P'troosho tell 'er in broad daylight dat de sun am de moon she b'liebe 'im, an willin ter sw'ar ter it. Ef he call 'Kate!' she mos' bre'k 'er naik comin ter see whuffer he call.

"'Now, Petah, dat's de way ter do ef er fool 'oman ac' lak dat. In dat way yo' kin bre'k 'em ob deir tricks in 'bout two days.'

"I t'ought erwhile an mek up my min dat war gre't scheme, so I say ter Marse Gawge, 'Marse Gawge, ef yo' 'n Miss Alice sesso, I do dat an see how yo' plan wuk.'

"So w'en Chris'mus kim, me 'n Cl'rindy stan up in de pollah ob de big house, an de w'ite pashon merry us, same lak he done Marse Willie an Miss Blanche, an atter dat we all hab big time in de hall twell mos' mawnin."

"I had er house back b' de cookhouse, whar me 'n Debby done lib fer mo'n twenty year, an me 'n Cl'rindy we mobed in dar. Marse Gawge done gub us new cheers an table an stobe, an Miss Alice she let us hab new cyarpet, wha' she don' want in up staihs hall no mo'; so we all was fixed up right smaht.

"Cl'rindy war jes' sweet's p'simmons fo' mo'n er week. Den one day she git outer de baid wrong way, an w'en I look 't her I know dat 'omen is mad. I di'n' lak dat, ca'se I hab my min all mek up dat w'en she 'gind at mad b'sniss she gotter hab less'n, an I don' lak ter gub it ter her. But I don' say nuffin, on'y mek up my min ter let 'er go twell she git sassy, den shek 'er off'n dat high hoss.

"W'en we waitin on table at dinnah, Marse Gawge he kin see dat Cl'rindy am hot, an he wink at me, lak dis. Atter dinner, w'en he cotch me erlone, he say, 'Well, P'troosho, is yo' git de shoe tamed?' Den he laff.

"I say, 'What shoe does yo' mean, sah? I don't know nuffin 'bout no shoe.'

"Den Marse Gawge laff some mo', an say, 'I di'n' say no shoe, Petah. I mean, is yo' had ter 'gin Cl'rindy's less'ns yit? I kin see she mad wid somet'ing.'

"I tell 'im I ain' staht trainin yit, but it look lak I hab ter right quick.

"'Petah,' Marse Gawge say reel sollum, 'don' was'e no time in disher 'ffaih. De moment de trubble stahts in yo' staht in too.' An I say I will. But dey ain' no row dat day.

"Nex' day war Sund'y, an I di'n' hatter git up eahly, so I lay een de baid twell mos' haf pas' 8. Den I git up an gin ter tog cat. Cl'rindy was settin lookin outer de doah, lookin mad. Pret' soon I say, 'Cl'rindy, whar mah bes' Sunday shuht wid ruffles on?' Cl'rindy ans' back, reel shoht, she ain' see no sich shuht.

"'Yo' ain'?' I say. 'Oman, di'n' I say ter yo' dat I wan' dat shuht ter w'ar on Sund'y, an di'n' yo' say yo' ten ter it? Tell me dat, will yo'?'

"But she ain' say nuffin 'tall. She jes' set an star' outen de doah, jes' lak I ain' dar.

"Den I say, 'Look yere, yo' yaller numskull, ef yo' don' tuhn roun yere an ans' me quick, I tek'n' shek yo' twell dem ol teef rattle outen yo' haid!'

"Den she jump up quick, an kim at me. 'Wha' dat yo' say, yo brack niggah? Wha' dat? Talk ter me 'bout shekkin folk, will yo'?'

"Mistah, is you ebah see er reel mad 'oman? I 'gin ter git scar't, dat Cl'rindy look so mad, an w'en she git so close ter me I put out mah han ter push 'er 'way f'm me.

"Dat 'oman reach out and grab me wid bofe han's by de naik, an ef she di'n' shek me twell mos' all my teef drap out, I hope ter die. Den she hit me slambang wid her fis' er couple times, an biff me all ober de house, an lam me jes' tur'ble. Ki! but dat 'oman war pow'ful strong!

"W'en she git froo she say, 'Look yere, ol man, I hatter stan 'buse f'm Tawm, but I ain' gotter stan none f'm you. Don' yo' disr'membah dat, niggah.' An she look lak 'er mad all ober wid, but I ain' wai' ter find out. I jes' git outen de house an inter de yahd.

"Marse Gawge kim round inter de back yahd jes' den. 'Hullo, P'troosho,' he say, 'is yo' bin tamin dat shoe! Yo' look lak you' bin fightin win'mills.'

"'Marse Gawge,' I say, 'I ain' bin fightin wid no win'mills, an I ain' bin doin nuffin wid no shoes. I jes' hatter gib dat yaller niggah wench er less'n, an she ain' tek ter it, nohow. Dat P'troosho way mout wu'k wid w'ite folks, but w'en er fool niggah try 'm on 'nodah fool niggah de debbil am ter pay.'

"Marse Gawge mos' die f'm laffin. Den he say, 'No, Petah, yo' don' look lak yo' made er gre't s'cess ob it.'

"An atter dat he allus call me 'Petah P'troosho.'"—R. L. Ketcham in Romance.

A Valuable Autograph.

An autograph fiend from New York was recently visiting a friend in Detroit, and naturally he brought his album along, and he also talked much on autographs, their rarity, value, etc.

"Well," said the Detroit man one day, after a list of high priced autographs had been shown him, "your figures are not in it with one I saw here some years ago."

"Whose was it?" asked the friend with much interest.

"A gentleman's living here at the time, but now dead."

"What did it bring?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars,"

"Aw, come off. I know autographs, and I know one never sold for such sum."

"Just the same I tell you this one did."

"Who paid for it?"

"One of the banks in the city. It was on a check, and the same autograph would have brought a million, net, if the gentleman had happened to want that much for it."

After that the fiend put his album in his trunk and left it there.—Detroit Free Press.

Two Remarkable Epitaphs.

The two most remarkable epitaphs in the United States are those of Daniel Barrow, formerly of Sacramento, and that of Hank Monk, Horace Greeley's stage driver. The former reads as follows: "Here is laid Daniel Barrow, who was born in Sorrow and Borrowed little from nature except his name, and his love to mankind, and his hatred for redskins. Who was nevertheless a gentleman and a dead shot, who through a long life never killed his man except in self defense or by accident, and who, when he at last went under beneath the bullets of his cowardly enemies in Jeff Morris' saloon, did so in the sure and certain hope of a glorious and everlasting morrow."

Hank Monk's epitaph reads thus: "Sacred to the memory of Hank Monk, the whitest, biggest hearted and best known stage driver of the west, who was kind to all and thought ill of none. He lived in a strange era and was a hero, and the wheels of his coach are now ringing on the golden streets."—St. Louis Republic.

Temperature for Growing Mushrooms.

The mushroom in American pastures seldom starts into growth before the end of August or September, when the temperature of the soil has reached about 60 degs.; hence this is taken as the temperature which the cultivator of the mushroom ought to endeavor to maintain in order to successfully grow this vegetable. A very experienced cultivator, however, states that he has found this temperature to be rather too high in growing the mushroom in houses prepared for the purpose. He finds that he has much better success with an even temperature of 55 than 60 degs.—Meehan's Monthly.

Curt Instructions.

The following is an admirable specimen of Lord Palmerston's curt way of transacting official business—they are instructions given to a foreign office clerk for answering a letter, "Tell him we'll see; to use blacker ink; to round his letters, and that there's no h in exorbitant."—London Tit-Bits.

The Value of Frankness.

Miss Plantagenet De Vere—That man's attentions to me are most offensive, and he has the reputation of being a fortune hunter. Do you suppose it is papa's wealth that allures him?

Her Close Friend (thoughtfully)—Why, what else can it be?—Exchange.

Cotton Mather's Works.

Dr. Cotton Mather, who died in Boston in 1728, was the author of 382 works, some of them being of huge dimensions. The most bulky of his works contained seven large folio volumes. He died at the age of sixty-five.—Harper's Young People.

MOUNTAIN MISSIONS.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE "POOR WHITES" OF THE HILL COUNTRY.

A Southern Clergyman Refutes the Charge That Ignorance and Squalor Are Prevalent to Any Remarkable Degree In the Mountain Districts.

Sectionalists who desire to create for themselves a field of operations and an income in a charming and healthful southern climate not infrequently write very touching articles for the northern press on the deplorable condition of the "mountain whites" of the south and the need of "mission work" among them. Such persons, in descriptions of life among the mountains of western North Carolina and east Tennessee, "pile on the agony" in a marvelous manner. Sometimes they do it with an utter disregard for the truth. They represent the exception to be the rule, and picture scenes and conditions common enough in parts of the north and west perhaps, large cities as well as country places, but very rare among the people of the Appalachian region of the south. One would think from their accounts that the southern mountains were swarming with cave dwellers. The aim seems to be to perpetuate the ideas of that class of philanthropists who find a peculiar pleasure in contemplating poverty, ignorance and degradation in the south since the civil war.

Not long since The Sun noticed an appeal of this sort for aid to "mission work for mountain whites," showing that it was in effect a libel upon the people it professed to describe. Any person familiar with the Appalachian region of the south would see at a glance how absurd the whole thing was. The Christian Union for Dec. 31, 1892, contains a letter from Rev. D. Atkins, a Methodist minister of Hendersonville, N. C., which completely demolishes the "mountain white" myth. Mr. Atkins will be conceded to know what he is writing about. He was born and reared in the alleged God forsaken region of poverty, ignorance, vice and degradation. He entered college there, entered the ministry there and spent 17 years there as minister and teacher.

"As a Methodist minister," he says, "I have gone into the most out of the way places and mingled freely with all sorts of people in 20 counties of North Carolina and Virginia and in nearly all the worst parts of east Tennessee. I have visited these people at their homes, have eaten with them, slept in their houses and seen them in every condition." Yet Mr. Atkins has not once beheld the slum scenes Mrs. Paddock described in a recent number of The Christian Union. "Your correspondent," he says, "must have found some secluded spot I never saw, for in all my travels I never saw the things she writes of, and it seems strange that I should not even have heard of such things in all these years. There is poverty here and ignorance, too, but neither is in that prevalent form you would suppose from the article of Mrs. Paddock. You might live here an age and never hear of such savage and weird funeral customs as Professor Bemis, another correspondent writing from the south, told your readers about."

The situation is not such as was described by The Union's correspondents. Putting it in a nutshell, Mr. Atkins says of Mrs. Paddock's picture: "She has presented the very worst possible case that could be found in the remotest part and made it a sample of all the 2,000,000 here, so that if any one should receive an impression from such writing he would suppose no other kind of people could be found here."

As a matter of fact, the "mountain whites" are not a distinct class. Their ancestors, says Mr. Atkins, were not outlaws, but pioneers from the coast country. They generally own their farms and make a comfortable living. To say they hunt for a living is absurd. There is little wealth and not as much luxury as might be, but the people live decently. There are some log houses, three-fourths of which have windows. None are plastered with mud, as alleged, or without wooden floors. But few have only one room. Generally the houses are quite comfortable. All have good open fire places. Fuel is abundant and costs nothing, so that the correspondent's story of children "covering their limbs with warm ashes to keep from freezing" is specially absurd. The people, Mr. Atkins affirms, are already religious and moral. They observe Sunday and attend Sunday school. There is scarcely a district where there is not a school for at least three months in the year. Few persons are unable to read and write, and such cases are so rare as to excite surprise among the neighbors.

As respects the girls who were described as overworked and vicious, Mr. Atkins says not one in a hundred would know herself by that description. "The common virtues," he says—"chastity, honesty, truthfulness, etc.—are rather more prevalent than in other sections I have seen. The girls are healthy, strong and full of spirit. They marry at a good age, make excellent wives and mothers, and do much less hard work than their sisters of the north and west," and Mr. Atkins spent four years in the west. They do not work in the field. "It is by no means," says the writer, "the custom of the country. Home life is as pure as it is anywhere I have been." In a word, the "mountain white," with his abysmal degradation, is a myth and needs no "mission."—Baltimore Sun.

In Memory of Columbus.

A public library has been founded in Panama in commemoration of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America. Three hundred volumes were provided to start the library, and 300 more were donated by the Society Progresso del Istmo.—New York Evening Sun.

Might Try It.

Mrs. Binks—Do you believe that story about a young woman swallowing a razor?

Mr. Binks—Well, I dunno. Perhaps some one told her that razors were good for the complexion.—New York Weekly.

A Town No Longer.

Lead the average Georgian of modern times out to the banks of the Savannah river, where Broad river empties its waters, and show him the great valley burdened with sprouting wheat; show him the great flock of sheep grazing here and there over those lands at certain seasons, where nothing obtrudes upon the meditation of great nature save the tinkling of the bells and the murmur of the waters of the two rivers as they roll on to the sea, and tell him that on this very spot there was once a town called Petersburg, with regularly laid out streets, with warehouses, stores, churches and all the other evidences of progress and thrift known to the average town away from the railroads of the present day, and he will laugh at the idea immoderately. There is not a single house left of the old town of Petersburg. The streets are green with wheatfields, and there is absolutely nothing to even aid one in the effort to believe that once there was a population away up above the hundreds and into the thousands.

Men live today to tell the story of old Petersburg, though there is not a single building left to mark the place where it used to be. What sounds more ghostly than to hear General Philip Cook, the venerable secretary of state of Georgia, to this day declare that when he was a young man on his way by the old stagecoach to the University of Virginia he went by Petersburg and stopped there for dinner? While it even at that time showed signs of decay and was tottering beneath the touch of time, still it was a town of considerable size, and there were several stores left to characterize it as what had clearly been a notable trading center.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Cat's Devotion.

Ellis R. Smith, the only Republican sheriff Pettis county has had since the war, and the only sheriff that has ever executed a criminal during the criminal history of that county, was relating his experiences as an officer to a party of friends at the Laclede last night. "I witnessed quite a peculiar thing in the jail at Sedalia last year," he remarked. "I had the very unpleasant duty officially removing an old man of the name of Tom Williamson, who had been convicted of a triple murder.

"About two months before the day of the execution, the old man asked me to get him a kitten to raise. I did so. An attachment grew up between the two that was certainly remarkable. If at any time I happened to lock the old man up in a cell without the cat, she would raise such a disturbance that I would have to lock her up with him. They were together day and night.

"When the day of execution rolled around, the cat appeared to be the chief mourner and brought up the rear of the death march to the scaffold. When the trap was sprung, the cat walked back into the jail, and after walking up and down the corridor for an hour pounced upon old man Williamson's cot, where it remained for a week, refusing to eat or drink. About eight days after the execution I determined to remove her. When I attempted to frighten the cat off, I discovered that she was dead. I actually believe she grieved herself to death."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

What Did She Care?

"Why, look at that old woman! I do believe she's going to pick up the cigar that man has just thrown away."

The two fresh faced girls paused in their walk across the common in order to watch the woman. She was a shriveled hag, much bent and shuffling in gait. A dirty apron, gathered in one hand, bulged out with refuse spoils of some sort, and her bonnet itself looked as if it had seen the inside of an ash barrel.

Glancing furtively from side to side, this precious specimen of humanity stooped quickly and picked up the cigar stump. Then she shuffled off.

The girls stood watching her with surprised interest, and they had about made up their minds that none of their friends should smoke any more cigarettes, when they saw a puff of smoke curl up from the woman's head. Another and another little cloud of smoke arose, and then a turn in the walk showed that she had relighted the butt and was enjoying it with entire unconcern as to who might see her.

She did not hear the exclamation of disgust that escaped from the sweet, red lips of the girls, who wondered what her start in life had been.—Boston Herald.

The Difference In Two Words.

Did it ever occur to you to think of the difference in signification of the two words "seems" and "appears?" We say "it seems to be true" or "it appears to be true." Are those expressions identical? Or if there be a difference, what is it?

There is a difference, and it consists chiefly in the strength of the expression. If we read a story and say, 'That story seems to be true," we mean that it has the semblance of truth and we infer that it is true. If we say, "That story appears to be true," we mean that the statements made in it or the incidents related go to show its truth.

In other words, "appears" refers to the actual presentation of something to our view; "seems" refers to an inference of our mind as to the probability of a thing's being true.—Philadelphia Times.

Such Cases Are Serious Sometimes.

Late one evening a doctor received a note from a couple of fellow practitioners, saying:

"Pray step across to the club. We are one short for a game of poker."

"Emily, dear," he then said to his wife, "I am called away again. It appears to be a very serious case, for there are two doctors already in attendance."—Texas Siftings.

No Place For a Conscience.

Applicant For Situation (to grocer)—I'm honest, truthful, industrious, and I have a conscience, sir.

Grocer—Have a conscience! Good gracious, young man, you'll never do for this business!—Exchange.

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And prompt to cure, Ayer's Pills act on the intestines, not by stimulating, but by strengthening them. They promote the natural peristaltic motion of the bowels, without which there can be no regular, healthy operations. For the cure of constipation, biliousness, jaundice, vertigo, sick headache, indigestion, sour stomach, and drowsiness,

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County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 530 W. Erie st.

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Div 11—D Kirby, Pres, 466 W Erie st; M R Lynch, V P; T J Lamb, Rec Sec, 578 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

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Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 17—Martin Mulcahy, Pres, 2836 Fifth-av; Lawrence Heneiy, V P; F J Conroy, Rec Sec, 493 35th-st; Wm Houlihan, Fin Sec; Michael Finnegan, Treas. Meet 2nd Wednesday each month at 8 p m, at N W corner of Thirty-seventh-st and Armour av.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third-sts.

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3802 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'Hern, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, V P; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; M Ryan, Fin Sec; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—P Molloy, Pres, 4717 Wentworth-av; John Kerr, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Shields' hall Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 28—Jas Dolan, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div 33—Thos Doyle, Pres, 3812 Lowe av; T F Doyle, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3756 Union-av; Michael Hughes, Fin Sec; M Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at cor 35th st and Emerald av.

Div 34—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6825 Stoney Island av; P D Ryan, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6350 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6146 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 60th st

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Columbia No —Thomas Cronk, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Howling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J F Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 84 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 1—Hugh P Morsa, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 257 W Eighteenth st; Michael J McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Cansiport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 720 Hinman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 W Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; E A L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1025 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D E Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 2305 Centre av; William A Boyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 2350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas. Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas. Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 2749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester av; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 358 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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Hat Legislation In Olden Times.

Hats were subjected to a good deal of arbitrary legislation in England. Henry VII had an act passed which fixed "the maximum price of a hat at 20 pence and a cap at five times that sum." During the reign of Elizabeth capmaking was "protected" by a statute in which it was provided that "on Sundays and holidays all the males were to wear on their heads caps of wool, knit, thicked and dressed in England, made only by capmakers residing within the realm." The clergy were disposed to follow the fashions of the day, but in the middle ages they were ordered not to wear any hat but the corner—the square cap of the doctors of divinity.

A similar 4-cornered hat is worn by the university men in England, and when there is a gold tassel on the center it indicates that the wearer belongs to the nobility. The bishop of Dol, in the twelfth century, permitted only the canons to wear square hats, and enjoined that when any other persons wearing them entered the churches divine services should immediately cease.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Curiosities About Dentistry.

Those who imagine that the care of the teeth and the replacement of the natural grinders with false ones is "something new under the sun" may be surprised to learn that artificial teeth were made of ivory, placed on plates of the same material and held together and in place by gold wires and rivets 500 to 1,000 years before Christ. Herodotus, "the father of history," tells us that the Egyptians of the fifth dynasty understood the diseases of the teeth and their treatment. There are several passages in history to lead one to the belief that both Cæsar and Antony wore artificial teeth.

The date of the introduction of false teeth into Europe is uncertain. They were known in England as early at least as the time of the discovery of America. "The Mathematical Jewel," published in 1585, contains an account of Sir John Balgrave, "who caused all of hys teethe to be drawne out, and after had a sett of ivory teethe in agayne."

The visitor at the Centennial of 1876 was given a chance to view the false ivory masticators which once served the immortal Washington.—St. Louis Republic.

Tracheotomy Advocated.

Some of the most experienced practitioners express the opinion that the expected fact that intubation would, on account of its simplicity, take the place of the knife and add materially to the resources of the profession, has not been fulfilled. It is urged by those who take this ground that the operation necessitates a degree of manual dexterity which the average physician, with his few opportunities, is not able to acquire, and the objection made is that the patient is subjected to a certain amount of exhaustion which can be ill borne in one suffering from diphtheria.—New York Tribune.

The Influence of Politicians.

When one, not being a professional politician, looks at the question with care and considers the [illegible] of political greatness, one begins to connect with politics [illegible] life of a man [illegible] d to have, and [illegible] are not [illegible] But that [illegible] forbid [illegible] in no case [illegible] so irksome [illegible] politician.—All the Year Round.

1778. 1893.

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3. Song, Selected.....E. M. Cummings
4. Soprano Solo, "Come Back to Erin".....Miss Maggie L. Duggan
5. Recitation, "Erin's Flag".....Miss Julia O'Callaghan
6. Baritone Solo, "O'Donnell Aboo".....Mr. J. J. Phelan
7. Oration.....Hon. John Gibbons
8. Song, "Ninety-Eight".....Mr. R. E. Hardy
9. Trio, Harps and Piano.....Misses Teresa Gavin, Mary Rice, D. B. Crysdale
10. Contralto Solo, "The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me".....Miss Nellie T. Cahill
11. "Kathleen Mavourneen".....Miss Maynard
12. Irish Bagpipes.....Mr. Murphy
13. Song, "There Are Just as Good Men Come from Ireland To-Day".....John Drumny
14. Closing Ode, "God Save Ireland".....Owen Ahern

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